REFLECTIONS
ON OUR
Common Failings.

Done out of *French*,

By a Perſon of Honour.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

UNder this Title, I intend to put together the Reflections which I have made upon Men's Behaviour.

I pretend not to be exempt from the Failings I obſerve in others; but ſpeaking of them, I often mean my ſelf. My experience in the World may have furniſh'd me with

ſome Frailties to expoſe and batter; but I muſt profeſs, that the knowledge of my ſelf hath given as great a ſupply. It muſt be owned, that in our Natures we bear the ſeeds and principles of all Iniquity; and taking the whole Maſs of Mankind, all are ſtained with the ſame Sin, and no one would appear better than another, were it not for the Grace of God correcting, or their living under different Circumſtances.

I have not been ſollicitous about order, in the courſe of theſe Reflections, but ſet them down as they offered themſelves, and perhaps I may fall on the ſame Subject more than once.

Nor do I pretend to have ſaid all, that each Subject I treat of will bear, but only that, which occurred to my Thoughts when I was wrighting, which, to deal plainly, is not much; and when the ſame Subject returns,

returns, I may perhaps ſay ſomewhat more, then was ſaid upon it before.

The Examples, which are interſpers'd in theſe Reflections, are taken from Paſſages of my own Obſervation, and I cite none, of which I am not a witneſs; but I name no body. The Names, as well as the Qualities, of all the Perſons I mean, are hid; and it will be a fruitleſs attempt, for any one to gueſs at them; thoſe are of ſmall uſe in the diſcloſing Men's Failings, and beyond that I intend no diſcovery. If I have affixed Names, or Qualities, to the Perſons of whom I ſpeak, it is only to inliven the Diſcourſe, and to prevent frequent Reflections of --- I know acertain Perſon.--- There is one in the World; *and the like.*

The Author's Preface.

I will not be ſecurity, but among theſe Reflections ſome may perhaps be found, which coincide with the like extant in other Authors; but I muſt declare, that ſuch came in my way, without having thoſe Authors in my Eye. It is difficult for Perſons, having the ſame deſign, not to interfere ſometimes.

I began this Work in the Country, where I reſided ſome Months, and thought I could not be better imployed, than by writing with freedom, and without racking my Brains, upon ſuch Subjects, as require no knowledge, but that of the World. I purpoſed to divert and inſtruct my Self, as well as the Reader, and in the diſpoſition of the matters, I was guided only by my preſent Genius, and Fancy.

A Work of this ſort may poſſibly be thought more diverting, but the direct Truths of Religion, and Morality more wholſome; yet it was only thoſe, which by writing of Men's Failings, I intended to eſtabliſh.

THE TRANSLATOR Adds.

THE Author having given this account of himself and his Work, nothing can be subjoined of him, but what his Book seems to discover. A Painter can observe only the Features of his Pattern, while he sits silent; so a Reader must be content to know only the Capacity of an Author, who (as ours) is pleased to hide his face;

and a

and neither can justly complain; for they have the full extant of their several Pretensions, and all further Disquisition is impertinent.

But from this Work we may guess, that he is one of the Secular Clergy; for he shews more than a Lay-Rigor in the cause of Devotion, and discourageth Monastic Vows. And farther, that he is a Person well-bred, and practis'd in the Conversation of the Court, and prime Quality of his time, if not one himself; for his Work is a Satyr on the Vices and Infirmities regnant among them: All his Characters are of that sort, and he seems not any where to meddle with inferiour Persons, but in their vain Pretensions to Quality.

As to his Capacity, and Performance, he seems a notable discloser of Hypocrisie, and Men's foolish Inconsistences; he searches their hollow

Hearts,

Hearts, and , however disguised by different pretensions, points out the Iniquity of their Byas. The most Self-conceited may perceive the Author to be of their Intimacy, and wonder how he became their Confident. All his Reflections are bent to Truth, and managed genteely; however explicit and severe his Reproofs are, no Person can take just offence at any thing; there is enough of respect and tenderness to all, and no affront to any; each man may see himself, and at the same time believe none sees him. The Authors design is to Reform all, without disgracing any; and if his pen be whetted, it is against his own Order, the Ecclesiasticks, in whom he represents Vice and Vanity, as inexcusable.

His Reflections are meant of Morality and Piety, and tho the former seems to have much the greater share, yet at last, he brings all under the Banner

Banner of Religion. He may in ſome ſence, paſs for a Chriſtian Pattern; for all his Diſcourſes of Practick Piety, refer to the ordinary Modes of his own Church, ſuch as are the moſt pure, and defectate of offence to others. He is ſo far from uſing any invidious Terms of Controverſie, that, I think, the word Hereſie *is not extant in his Book; a Candor not found always in Chriſtian Writers, tho of meer Devotion. His Morality is exact, and of a ſort not ordinary, conſiſting in Diſcoveries of Folly, and rendring Vice and Vanity contemptible. It were well if ſome exquiſite Pen, would undertake the Vices of our Age, and Nation, in a method like to this; which ſeems the moſt efficacious of any: For many who will ſtand buff againſt Reproofs, and Duties urged, cannot bear Contempt. And on that ground it is, that Comedies, when Facetious and Virtuous, prove the beſt correctors*

correctors of Vice, and that by dreſſing it in its own native Garb, a Fools Coat.

The Characters and Images, which this Stranger indeniz'd brings upon the Stage, relate to his own Country; and the Cuſtoms of it, and not to ours; nor can they be, as his Language, tranſlated; which makes the Reflections have leſs of force, and ſeem (perhaps) dull; but it may be, partly by Travel, but more by Converſation and Books, the generality may have ſo much knowledge of Foreign Characters and Cuſtoms, that the Authors ſence, and the force of it, will not be altogether loſt.

I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of the preſent Tranſlation, but firſt, to make the way to it clearer, a word or two of Tranſlations in general. Moſt, if not all of which, I charge to be Faulty and Imperfect; the virtue of them conſists in more, and leſs;

none

none of them render exactly the Sence of their Original; there are Oversights, Infelicities, and Impossibilities, in expressing some Conceits in various Languages; some of which, if not all the three, will obtrude often, to disparage a Translation. And if any were ever allowed to equal, or exceed the Original, it was not for rendring, but altering the Sence; and so much is not Translation, but Original. To prove this inevitable Frailty of Translations, I need only shew how the English Virgil *noded at the very entrance.*

Arma virumq; Cano ---

Arms and the Man I Sing.

Were not this better?

A Man and Wars I Sing.

In Latin, *Arms, is Fighting, and in* Engliſh, *Weapons: beſides, no need of* ſetting the Cart before the Horſe; *which Latin Verſe, confined to meaſure of Syllables, requires. This is not to Criticiſe, but to ſhew there is no reaſon nicely to Criticiſe Tranſlations, or no end of ſo doing; ſo that, if not very unhapp'ly done, Men ought, in virtue of their honeſt Intention, to paſs them, as creatures below the Dignity of a Critick.*

Nor do I yet ſo much undervalue Tranſlations, but eſteem them uſeful in Knowledge, as Navigation is in Commerce; both communicate the good Things of all Nations, and Languages promiſcuouſly. A mean Copy of a good Picture is preferrable to moſt Originals of ordinary Invention; ſo a Tranſlation of a good Book, tho ſcratch'd and ruffled in the doing, is better than moſt of our original Compoſitions. Nor is the Office of a Tranſlator ſo abject, as a certain

Poet,

Poet, and a late French ſnarle inſinuates; for ſeldom any but good Books being Tranſlated, the Publick is well ſerved; and then Men of Families and Affairs may, at ſubſective hours, and out of generoſity Tranſlate, whoſe daily Imployments are above the drudgery of Compoſing; for that will not bear intermiſſions, and is therefore more proper for meer Scholars, State-Fugitives, or idle Companions, whoſe fortune it is, to be no otherwiſe imployed.

As to this Tranſlation, it is undertaken becauſe the Book ſeemed uſeful, and offenceleſs, without private Advantage, other than what it had by a little ſpare time, not ill ſpent, (not to inſiſt on Exercitation of Languages) in impreſſing the ſubject a little more in ones mind, than bear reading will do: That which is chiefly aimed at in doing it, is to transfer into our Language, the Authors Conceptions, ſo as the Engliſh

liſh Reader, may (as near as is poſſible) have the ſame Ideas, the Author intended to expreſs. And to this deſign, all order, and choice of Words, and Expreſſions are made to give way, how well performed, ſub judice lis eſt.

The Author's Style is, after the Reformed Mode, Terſe and Sententious, ſuch as, rendred more exactly, would in our Language appear ſtiff, and affected; but the French are fond of well turned, and meaſured Periods, to compaſs which, they repeat words, which we fill in by Relatives, rather than Repetitions; and we aim more to expreſs Fully, than neatly. All which made me take no ſmall liberty in varying the Style; but I cannot pretend to be clear of Galliſciſms, which I grant better purged out, as might be done by frequent Tranſcriptions; but one cannot deal in a Language ſo near as the immediate Tranſlating it, without carrying over ſome

ſome tincture. If there could ever be an end of mending, there were ſome Incouragement to begin, but I hope nothing will be met with, ſo barbarous, to diſcourage the peruſal of an Author, whoſe deſign and ſubject have Virtue enough to atone for many Imperfections in his Copyer.

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REFLECTIONS
ON OUR
Common Failings.

1. *VANITY.*

NO Man to others, appears the ſame as, in his own conceipt, he is; which diſguiſe is not in the way of Humility, but of Vanity. It is natural for all Men to think themſelves more worthy than really they are; and being hoodwink'd by Self-Love, we miſtake both what we are and what we appear to be.

Thoſe that are acquainted with Mrs. *K*... cannot hear her named without reſenting the Character of a vain Intreaguing Woman; and yet ſhe fancies herſelf humble, retired from the World, and concerned in no manner of affairs: Is the Publick or ſhe miſtaken? It may be both ſtretch, but it lies moſt on her ſide.

In matters which relate to our ſelves, vanity outdoth the malice of Mankind. The Company of *B*... is tireſom, not out of any prejudice to his Perſon, but becauſe he is really faſtidious. His ignorance of his own Character, makes him fancy, that he is welcome to all, even to thoſe who plainly decline him; when he is abuſed, he fancies himſelf commended.

Nothing is more common, than for a young Man to ſay within himſelf, *I am infinitely Eſteemed*; their Sences are ſo practiſed in the repetition of their own Praiſes, that

it

it is habitual to them, to endure only commendations.

Vanity is quicker to impart a reſentment of Good concerning our ſelves, than Truth is to inform what is amiſs.

Nothing is more offenſive, than to hear Men commend themſelves, and yet none are altogether free from that failing. Every one will value himſelf either for Honeſty, Conduct, or Family: One may find ways, without any great extravagance, to do it, and modeſtly enough. But if you would make the moſt ſeeming modeſt Perſon fly out, and be extravagant, it is enough only to contradict him.

We think, if other Men ſlight us, we have a right to vaunt and ſwagger.

When a Man is freely ſurrendred up to his own Praiſes, he'l be ſure to expreſs his utmoſt. *G...* imploys whole days together in that exerciſe, and ſome part of his

time might, perhaps, be exempt from that drugery of commending himſelf, if any one elſe would be ſo good to do it for him.

We could ſcarce refrain from ſpeaking well of our ſelves, were it not that we are aſſured, ſome others would take that trouble off our hanps.

Modeſty at bottom, is only a confidence, depending on others for being commended.

A General is commended that forbears diſcourſing his own Exploits, in company able to atteſt them; but he would deſerve it much more, if he did it not in company that knew nothing of the matter. *Mareſcal D.* uſed, after every Campaign, to go to the *Chartreux* to acquaint the Fryars with the Hiſtory of his own Atcheivements.

A Man will be ſure, what modeſty ſoever he profeſſeth, to have ſome Friend, with whom he may take reparations for the reſtraints he endures

endures Abroad, in not daring ordinarily to ſpeak of himſelf. There is one who holds in Favour with a great Man, only by eaſing him of thoſe Fetters; and all this done by hearing him vapour three or four times a day.

All Men have the ſame humour, of cheriſhing a good Opinion of themſelves, and are equally propenſe, to advance, *Self*, the ſubject of their Diſcourſes: the difference lies only in the manner of doing it: Mr. *G*... commends himſelf at the beginning of the Converſation, and Mr. *T*.. not until the concluſion.

A patient Hearer is a Treaſure to a vain Perſon, and of all ſorts of Friends, he is the Favorite, who hath the art to wheedle us in to diſcourſe of our Selves; for that Faculty engageth more than all other Services.

If any one highly obligeth us in the way of our Fortunes, we bluſh, but never when it is in a

way ſubſervient to our Vanity.

It is moſt unaccountable, and yet to be obſerved, that Men who are perfectly underſtood, ſhall value themſelves, as ſome do, upon matters abſolutely falſe. All the World knows, that *A*... is but Grandſon to a Shopkeeper, and yet he cannot forbear vapouring of his Family; and his Diſcourſe runs much upon the great Services done to the Crown by his Anceſtors. His Hall is hung round with Pictures, here is a Chancellor of *Sweden*, there a Pope, who (as he ſays) were of his Family; and he ſhall be ever complaining, that he hath not room to place the Pictures of all the Great Men, who have been of his Kindred.

G..... is a Preacher ſo indifferent, that with much ado having borrowed a Pulpit, could never compaſs 100 Auditors about him together; and yet his ordinary Diſcourſe was of the numerous

Con-

Congregations that followed his Preaching. Is it poſſible for him to believe, that by bragging thus he ſhould eſcape being known? No, that's not his aim; but he ſeeks by it, to leſſen the ſhame of being too well known. When a Perſon is not known, you muſt not expect from himſelf a true diſcovery of what he is.

I know a Country Gentleman, who, fancying himſelf not well known, uſed to pretend, that a Relation of his lived with a Duke and Peer of *France*: And he would produce Letters as from him: and at the ſame time I knew he had been no better, than his pretended Cozen's Domeſtick Servant, and that all his ſuppoſed Letters were wrote by himſelf.

Many ſhall value themſelves upon News lately (as they ſay) wrote them from Court; and they will ſhew Letters, from ſome ſmall Officers about the Kitchen (perhaps) and pretend they are from an extra-

ordinary good Hand, and one near the King's Perſon.

There is nothing leſs ſincere than Vanity: Every little Exciſeman ſhall value himſelf as the chief Farmer's Kinſman; and there is ſcarce an ordinary Fryar that ſhall not pretend himſelf a man of Quality.

One would think that trumpeting out ones own Worth, were a ſorry means of gaining Eſteem, and that rather a modeſt Air ſhould draw Reſpect; but experience ſhews the contrary; and I have in the courſe of my Life, obſerved above 100 Perſons, of whom no Man ſpoke any thing well, but what originally moved from themſelves. If any one confidently affirms himſelf to be a Man of Worth or Quality, thoſe who on his bare word take it for granted, are more, than thoſe who do not ſo. I knew a Preacher in *Paris* who went for a profound Divine, and for no reaſon but only

ly becauſe in all his Sermons, he uſed twice or thrice to affirm he was ſo.

Many Perſons for talking much of their own good Qualities and Accompliſhments, are intolerable; and as to ſuch, one may depend, they have the leaſt title to thoſe they ſo much pretend to. From Vanity men draw a ſort of compenſation, for either their Misfortunes, or their Faults; and ballance their bad Qualities, by doing all they can, in attributing to themſelves good ones. It is ſure *M....* was no Divine, his incapacity that way rejected him at the *Sorbonne*; but at length he got a Curacy and fell to Preaching, but never without hard ſtraining to unfold ſome knotty Controverted Points; and failed not to cite *T. Aquinas*, of whom he knew not a Sillable. *C....* is alſo a ſorry Preacher, and yet put in for the chief Church of---- Mrs. *D...* is an antient Maid, and could never bring it about to be Mar-

ried, yet all her Diſcourſe runs upon the many great Matches ſhe hath refuſed. And if you will believe the Abbot *D.* there hath not been a Biſhoprick void and diſpoſed this 20 years, but he had the refuſal.

It is a blindneſs to attempt approving our Worth by qualities we have not, but much more by ſuch as indeed we ought not to have. *D...* wears a Sword, hath courage, and ſerved well; but withal conſumed 2500 Crowns in Learning to Sing; and *M....* had rather quit an Abby of 1500*l.* a year, than his long Peruque.

Every vain Perſon hath ſome weak ſide whereby he expoſeth the ridiculouſneſs of his Humour.

2. *AF-*

2. *AFFECTATION.*

IT is obſerved by one of the Fathers, that every Man living hath ſomewhat of the Hypocrite; and if it be Hypocriſie to appear different from what we are, he had reaſon; for no Perſon ever ſhewed himſelf truly as he was, we always conceal ſomewhat that is in us, and advance ſomewhat that is none of our own. This ſerves to eſtabliſh Reputation and Fortune, and is that Hypocriſie which the World ſtiles Prudence, and good Management.

No man alive hath Virtue enough, to be above all Affectation.

We blame Appearances that are affected, and yet every day we ſuffer our ſelves to be cheated by them.

I was lately in Company where one obſerved, that very few Women in the World were without their Gallants. Mrs. *D*... one of the Company, ſaid, over and over again, that ſhe knew not what Gallantry meant. One that went out with me ſaid, that from her manner of ſpeaking, he would ſwear ſhe was a Coquet : And yet this Lady, by vertue of a Reputation gained merely by Diſcourſing of her own Chaſtity, happened to match a ſecond time with great Advantage.

It is hard to determine clearly, which of the two, one that affects all, or one that neglects all, doth beſt.

If one would obtain a Reputation of Virtue, it is a much ſurer way to affect, than it is to neglect every thing.

Affectation is ever Hypocriſie, but Hypocriſie is ſometimes more refined, by appearing free from all Affectation.

It is common to adviſe, not to truſt ſuch as affect the outward Garb of Honeſty; ſo Men adviſe, but in truth, they repoſe more truſt in ſuch than in others.

Affectation ſeems ſo neceſſary in order to obtain a confidence, that we our ſelves are beforehand in exacting it of Perſons, in whom we would confide.

They muſt needs give us their word, that they will be Faithful, and we urge them again and again, but will you aſſure me? will you promiſe me? will you ſwear? And in the mean time all this forced aſſuring, promiſing, and ſwearing, is no better than an Affectation of Fidelity.

Men have not power perpetually to maintain an Appearance varied from their genius. There is a time when the Natural will get uppermoſt, and in ſpight of all your care to the contrary, vices will ſhew themſelves; and that is the reaſon why, by affectation of

of Good, Men endeavour to repair the faults, which they are not always able to conceal.

The Hiſtory of *Francis* I. ſpeaks of a Judge called *Maillard*, againſt whom the Poet *Marott* made a tart Epigram, charging him with Injuſtice, diſmiſſing the Guilty, and condemning the Innocent a thouſand times over; but he deſigning upon this, to appear Zealous and Faithful in his Truſt, cited criminally a learned Prelate of his time, for making a Ball; by which he uſurped a Cognizance that did not belong to his Juriſdiction; and all without occaſion given on the Prelates part, unleſs by his being inoffenſive; for ſuch are leſs Cautelous than guilty Perſons uſually are. The Hiſtorians ſay, it was done for Revenge; but if you will have my ſence, it is, that this wicked Judge by turning Accuſer, intended to diſguiſe the Frauds practis'd every day, in matters depending before him

him as Judge; and for that end ſignalized his Zeal in a buſineſs he had nothing to do with.

The Injuſtice of ſaving a guilty Friend, is covered by puniſhing an innocent Enemy.

There are ſome ſo odd and extravagant, as to appear much more faulty than in truth they are, yet none of that ſort would be thought really ſo much to blame, as they ſtrive to appear.

There are certain Virtues and Vices, wherein Men never fail to play the Hypocrite, as Valour, Juſtice, Liberality, and Amour. All Men boaſt of Courage, ſo none would be thought Avaricious, or unſucceſsful with the Ladies.

It is not the climate make a * *Gaſcon*, but the Notion each Man hath of Virtue or Vice: And if you would make any man a *Gaſcon*, ſend him but into the Army, or ſet him upon Courting Ladies. All Profeſſions do the ſame,

* *Boaſter.*

ſame, for every Man is a *Gaſcon* in his own art.

There are ſome, who deſigning to perſuade others, that they are Intituled to the Virtues they profeſs, will candidly own, that there are ſome Virtues which they cannot pretend to, but then they ſhall be inferiour to the others: they will confeſs a ſmall fault, to maintain a title to a conſiderable Virtue, and ſhall ſlight that Virtue they have owned no pretenſion to.

It is not long ſince I was in Company, where a Lady ſaid ſhe did not underſtand Gaming, but to make herſelf amends, added, that ſhe was a great lover of Books; ſoon after, Play was propoſed, and ſhe was in a deſperate toſs for being left out. I knew above a thouſand of this Character, and among others a Prieſt, who always brags of his indifference as to his Preaching, where, or what Audience, and yet ſpent moſt

moſt of his time in craving Pulpits, and courting Auditors.

Falſe affected Shews are not at all ſtrange, whilſt ſubſervient to any Deſign; but there are a world of thro-pac'd Hippocrites, that know not why.

No man ever required of *M...* to give an account of himſelf, and yet he cannot refrain declaring that he is Liberal, altho in truth, none was ever more Avaritious than he.

Men affect to appear different from what they truly are, not only to impoſe on others, but alſo in hopes, by that means to cheat themſelves: One that feels in himſelf the beaſt, thinks by declaring himſelf Generous and Liberal, to leſſen the ſhame that dwels within. It were better to mend the Natural, than to diſguize it. Its ſaid that ſome by dint of Lying came to believe themſelves, and ſo (in that ſence) lye no more. One may alſo ſay that

that many Men by forcing themſelves to appear what they are not, at length come to believe, they really are what they only ſtrive to appear.

I am aſſured that *L*... by his perpetual Talking in all Companies of his own Wit, is convinc'd in himſelf that he is a topping Wit. The Abbot *D*... by often ſaying, he hath been promis'd a Biſhoprick, verily believes he ſhall at length get one. When the Counteſs of *D*. began firſt to frequent Sermons, and to viſit the Poor, ſhe was conſcious to herſelf that it was all Hypocriſie; but now from multitude of Sermons and charitable Viſits, ſhe believes herſelf to be a true Saint. She is more deluded, but her heart is no whit mended.

3. *RAL-*

3. *RALLERY.*

IT muſt be granted, that the number of ſuch as are given to rally others, is greater than of thoſe, who can bear Jeſts made of themſelves; and therefore we may conclude, that there are in the World too many Jeſters.

No Perſon was ever equally fit to Rally and to be Rallied. We may every day obſerve of Ralliers, eſpecially the ſharpeſt, how woodenly one of them ſhall look, when another makes him the ſubject of a Jeſt.

A Jeſter is not eſtabliſht in full Poſſeſſion of his Privilege, by meer Wit, but either by his Quality, or the diſcretion of the Company.

Jeſters are miſtaken, that think they have a right to play upon every

every thing; but those Persons are much more mistaken, who being toucht, take upon them, as if they were not to be Rallied for any thing.

Every Man that doth a fooliſh Action, ought in honor to permit himself to be Rallied for it; but then on the other side, he hath a right (if good nature will allow it) to retaliate upon the Folly of others: And granting him this Privilege, he may not long be idle, for he cannot act many Follies, without obſerving enough of other Men's, very different from his own.

There is a sort of Voice or manner of Speaking, which makes a Jeſt excuſable; but all Men are not capable to diſtinguiſh it, much leſs to determine, what matters are allowed to be Rallyed, and what not: At one time a Man will allow himself to be Rallied for a thing, which at another time he will not endure to be touched.

ched. Therefore every one before he ventures upon his Jeſt, ought to obſerve, how the Humour of his man ſtands at that time.

It is obſervable, that in the ordinary Converſation of the World, thoſe who ſpeak are not ſerious enough, and thoſe that hear are too ſerious: There is ſcarce a Company without ſome Rallery, but then there are alſo others who take it in good earneſt. When the *D.* of *G..* had Rallied *S..* for his Accompliſhments in the way of Gallantry, he meant not in the leaſt Lewdneſs, but Mr. *D.* then in the Company, underſtood it ſo.

There are ſome things which all the World agree, ought not to be jeſted with, but not any which all agree may be ſo: One would think it warrantable enough to Rally the Count *S.* upon the Length of his Noſe, yet that made a quarrel between him and the Chevalier *D...*

Some

Some things, whatever profeſſions Men may make to the contrary, will not endure Rallery, as Birth, Wit, Reputation, and Amours. It is ſtrange that *L*.... ſhould paſs for a Wit, uſing continually to Rally *T*.... on the ſubject of his Wives bad Courſes. You'l ſay, true, but *T*... himſelf always began: I grant that, but others are not allowed to purſue the matter. When one that's Marry'd jeſteth with his own Infamy, it is but a conſtrained Mirth, and he ſpeaks firſt, becauſe he ſees plainly others cannot forbear; yet he ſhall bear an evil Will to thoſe, who oblige him to begin ſuch Rallery, and much more to thoſe, who carry it on after him.

The conſideration that a Man will bear, if the ſubject be of conſequence, is no good warrant to authorize a Jeſt. I knew one whom every one freely Rally'd for cheating in his Calling, and he never reſented it. Whoever lets the Jeſt paſs, when he is called Knave,

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is a greater Fool, than he that calls him Knave.

There is a great difference between taking Rallery, and letting it paſs. A good Chriſtian will paſs by, and forgive any kind of Rallery, becauſe Religion enjoins Patience and Forgiveneſs: but that is not to be called, taking Rallery: for that is to ſupport and encourage it, which no good Chriſtian ought to do. It may be ſaid, no one leſs encourageth Rallery, than he that ſuffers and lets it paſs. For nothing confounds, and diſarms Jeſters more than that.

All great Men eſteem Rallying their right, as incident to their Quality. Among other Services which they exact from their Servants, one there is for which they allow no Wages, and that is, to ſerve in the quality of a Laughing-ſtock. Is there any Maſter who doth not abuſively Rally his Servants? It is not the leaſt of a Servants drudgery, that he is obliged to endure all his Maſter's Scoffs without daring to reply. In

In great Men's Houſes, a ſort of people are admitted, made welcom, eat, drink, and mix in all the Pleaſures and Entertainments of the Family; whom none would endure, but only for being fit ſubjects of continual Abuſe. All ſuch as hold of great Men by this tenure, neither love them, nor make themſelves beloved of them.

It is extreme difficult for a Prince to Rally, without giving mortal Offence: It ſhould therefore be his chief care, never to do it. And if there ever were in the World a Prince who never Rallied, I ſhould for that ſingle Virtue, ſtile him Great.

Some eſteem no Rallery good, unleſs it be pointed; and ſuch Perſons will ever be rehearſing (with commendations) ſome ingenious Sentences, which in reality do but inſinuate ſevere Calumny: And if one happeneth by a well-turn'd Conceipt to oppreſs his

his Companion, he is cryed up no leſs, than if he killed an Enemy at a ſtroke. I ſee no reaſon why one and the ſame Perſon, ſhould abominate a Man for having uſed his Sword or Piſtol dexterouſly, and extol a Poet for his artificial inſerting *Aſſaſſinating Words, and bloody Rhimes.*

In France there is Juſtice by Law for Affronts.

It ſeems the Laws which have been provided for puniſhment of Injury, do too much reſpect Words; a man that calls another *Cheat*, is puniſh'd, but not he that doth the ſame thing in civiler Terms.

A Lady that's given to Rally and Depreciate others, differs but little from a common Scold: for altho the latter ſpeaks in plainer Terms, both mean the ſame thing.

When Ladies play ſharply upon one another, however polite and witty, they run great hazard of ending in the Terms and Lan-

guage of right-down Scolds; and nothing could discover plainer, that at first they thought like such, then that at last we find they talk like them.

There are some very ready at Repartee, and doing it without being provided aforehand with neat, and ingenious Expressions, they often give offence. The best excuse for them is, that they are Escapes; but when there appears a sort of delight in reiterating them, they are never to be passed by.

He that can be provided with his Repartee when he is plaid upon, hath much more wit, than he who provides Conceits, with design to Rally others.

Most Repartees come too late, yet all Men desire to perswade us, they make them quick enough; for they please themselves in relating their Disputes, having thereby occasion to tell of more and better

better Repartees, than ever they made.

Some Men's patience is often the effect of ſurprize, and want of quickneſs. And I am inclined to think, there are not in the World two Perſons, who are ſo much maſters of themſelves, as in a Diſpute, not to reply to a very Satirical Speech; thoſe who value themſelves for having ſuppreſſed a Reply, in truth had it not ready till the opportunity was paſt.

A Lady not long ſince, where I was, abuſed a man of Quality ſeverely; ſhe teaſed him continually with ſtinging Reflections, and among others, ſaid, he wore a Sword, which he never durſt draw. He replyed not a word; which made me (I confeſs) infinitely eſteem him for his temper. After he had left the Company, and I thought him gone, he returned, and applying himſelf to the Lady, ſaid, *Madam, did you not ſay, I had never drawn*

my Sword? and then went on, *Its a Sword I bought of your Brother, and really its so rusty, no man can part it from the Scabbard.* And then he went away, with an Air of much content in his Countenance. It was hard, when the Repartee came, as he was going down Stairs, not to come back to vent it. The Abbot *S...* Attending a Law-Suit, was Rallied continually by all the People of the Town where his business lay; and he left the place, without so much as replying upon any; but after he was gone, he paid them off by the Post.

Those things which shew a man's Wit, often diminish his Esteem; Men are pleased with a Jester, but never love him; and early or late, such make a bad Voyage of their Wit. In the last Age, a single Jest was the cause of a Sanguinary War; and if we could penetrate the Secrets of the Cabinet, it would be found, that

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in all Ages, Wars have been upon no better grounds. The Family of ----- for two Ages last past, had the Government of ------ and after a Succession of above twenty Excellent Magistrates, it came at last to a Jester; who by the escape of a single Word, lost that and a Revenew of 4000*l.* *per Annum.*

Rallery is an unfruitful Talent, and the owner thereof can make no account to himself, either of Friends or Preferment.

4. ENVY

WE may almoſt conclude, that the being Envied, is more uſeful to Fools, than to Reaſonable Men. It ſerves the latter only by advancing the worth they have, but the former it ſerves, by aſcribing to them worth which they have not.

Envy is the Refuge, and Conſolation of Fools in Affliction: One who could never be valued as a Man of Honor, hopes at leaſt to make it believed, that as ſuch, he is unfortunate. We know not that *G...* was ever Envied, but being every way mean, is deſpiſed: nothing worthy belongs to him; yet if you will take his account, he had been conſiderable, but for Envy. An unfortunate Fool finds this ſort of Argument

ment for worth in himſelf, which a lucky Fop wants.

When a Man cannot find any to be of his Party, the next point is, to work up a perſwaſion, that he hath Enemies. I knew an Author, who after Publiſhing a ſilly Book, hired another for money to write againſt him. To be ſo deſtitute as to purchaſe Enviers, is certainly a moſt worthleſs Condition, ſince there are ſo many, that diſpoſe themſelves that way *Gratis*.

Nothing can be found either too great, or too mean, for Envy; it faſtens as well upon what is moſt abject, as that which is moſt Relevant. Men envy their Superiours, and thoſe envy ſuch as are below them. *P*... appearing envious of *Balzack*'s Reputation, was pitied, but much more *Balzack*, when he appeared jealous of the other's Fame.

If a Man could bring himſelf to believe in good earneſt, that his Advancement was for pure Merit, he would retain no Envy at thoſe below him; but the Teſtimony of his own Conſcience, that it was for Favour, or Sollicitation; makes him ſo envious, fearing others may diſcover, what is ſo well known to himſelf, that is, the ſecret of his riſing.

About 40 years ſince, Parſon *F....* (by a ſort of Confederacy) got to be celebrated for a Preacher; and thought his Reputation ſo well eſtabliſh'd, that nothing was left to fear: but yet when he heard others commended, he could not avoid trembling; he feared Men ſhould do the ſame for others, as they done for him; that is, agree to cry them up. If pure merit had raiſed him, his aſſurance had been greater. It is not ſo eaſie to deſerve well, as it is to cabal.

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In whatſoever degrce a man is Exalted, he ſhall find ſome above him to exerciſe his Envy: If nothing be really ſo, he ſhall create it in his own imagination. *Alexander* in the higheſt pitch of Glory, was jealous of *Parmenio*'s Reputation. Why ſhould even the greateſt Men be free from Envy, ſince they are envious of the very Good they themſelves do for others?

Envy hardens great Men againſt granting Boons, more than either Avarice or Policy; they only would be honored and happy; and all that tends to the honor of others, they part with as excited out of their own ſtore.

There is within us an hidden Source of Envy, of which it is hard to give a good account. And there are very few Men who can be pleaſed at praiſes given to others. Men will envy in others thoſe very good Qualities whereof they ſerve themſelves.

A Prince who is ambitious of Conquest, needs a good Army, furnish'd ae well with experienced Officers, as ſtout Soldiers; and yet *Charles* 5. as I have heard, could not without pain, attend the relation of an extraordinary Action done by any Officer, or Soldier.

If any Prince is obſerved to imploy and reward Men of Worth, take it as a certain ſign of Worth in himſelf. Princes of ordinary Capacity, diſpence Offices and Favours only among ordinary Perſons. *Alexander* the Great was in pain when he imployed *Parmenio*; but *Lewis* the Great was pleaſed when he imployed Monſeigneur the *Prince*, and Marſhal *de Turenne*.

We ſtrive more to hide Envy, than any other Paſſion, and there is none we can leſs conceal. We are ſtout in declaring we Envy not, and yet the very Counte-

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nance and Eyes discover that Envy gnawes us. There is no need of great Sagacity to perceive the disorder a fine Lady is in, whilst another Ladies Beauty, in her hearing, is commended. They have enough to do, who would keep Envy at home, in the Heart, and not discover it in the Eyes. Some cannot forbear speaking Ill of those they Envy, making account they do enough to conceal it, if they formally declare, *it is not spoke out of Envy. It must be agreed*, saith *L ... that* E.... *is a silly Woman*: and then proceeded, saying, they cannot accuse me for speaking this out of Envy; *for she hath nothing in her, good enough to be Envied for.*

If there is no Envy, there will be no contrivance to satisfie us that there is none. We ought never to speak of those whom we slight; and whatsoever Failings a Man hath, if he had not worth enough to stir up Envy in us, we should

ſhould not concern our ſelves to debaſe him.

Men ſucceed better in concealing Envy from themſelves, than from others: many will ſwear *they Envy no Man*, and yet there lives not a Perſon in whom we may not perceive an Envy againſt his Neighbour. We accuſtom our ſelves to believe, our Envy is not perceived, becauſe it is a baſe and degenerous Paſſion; and therefore we aſcribe to other Paſſions, nay to even Virtue it ſelf oftentimes, that which moves purely from Envy. Ask any man of a Party, what is the Reaſon they declaim ſo ſeverely againſt the Men of the adverſe Party, (to whom they ſhall bear ſuch ſpleen, as not to endure to read their Books) and they ſhall anſwer you, *it is out of their Zeal for Religion, and love of Truth*; and they may, poſſibly, think they ſay true.

It is hard to diſtinguiſh in ones Heart a Paſſion, which there lies always in diſguiſe, but while we will not ſo much as own it, more hard to keep it under. With the generality of Men, zeal it ſelf grows faint, if there be not Envy to invigorate it. It is ordinary to make account of Reformation, and Almes-Houſes, as proceeding from charitable Zeal, which God knows are the effects of mere Envy.

It is a Chimera, that any two Perſons ſhould be ſuch Friends as not to Envy each other, and not found but only in imagination. In reality, no Friend deſires leſs Worth in his Friend, than in himſelf. Its true, two Perſons of unequal worth may be Friends, but then either would be the man, that of the two, hath the greateſt ſhare.

However ſtrict a Friendſhip may be, there are always ſeeds of Difference couch'd in the Envy,

vy, which harbours in the minds of each; there are many little diſtruſts and levities which ordinarily cool Friendſhips, but Envy burſts them.

Many Offices of Devotion are calculated for correcting other Paſſions in Men, but I never ſaw any yet fitted to that of Envy: It were a good ſubject for ſome excellent Divine to write upon, in the way of Devotion; but if none were buyers, but ſuch as thought themſelves *envious*, the book would ſcarce ſell. It were needful the firſt part ſhould be employed in perſuading Men, that they are all Envious; but I fear, it would be impoſſible to convince any. One reaſon why no Man ever preſcribed Remedies againſt Envy, may be, becauſe it is impoſſible to prevent wilfulneſs in Men. All ſorts of diſorders might be corrected, if Envy were once brought under.

All

All Men are Envious, becauſe all Men are lovers of themſelves; the ſame Paſſion that ſuggeſts to us inwardly, we are better than other Men, makes us uneaſie with thoſe who poſſeſs more of merit than we do. We make it our buſineſs to vilifie our Neighbour, becauſe by his depreſſion we think our ſelves advanced. For this reaſon it is, we are ſo delighted in hearing, and forward in ſpeaking ill of others.

Whoever it is that ſets up himſelf above other Men, is ſure to be an object of every ones Envy, and all Men are liſt'ning after Advantages, whereby they may ſuppreſs him.

Men are ſo fantaſtical, to join in crying up a moderate worth, provided it tends to the debaſing an extraordinary one. *C....* in his way was beyond compariſon the greateſt Man of his time, and yet we find frequent compariſons made between him and others that came

came after. These very comparers aimed more to diminish him, than to exalt those, they compared with him.

It is not strange for one to be jealous of that Person, who possesseth that good we aspire to; but it is most wonderful that Men should be jealous of them that possess Virtues they themselves care not at all for. *K*... never made a Verse, and never will, and yet he could not bear the hearing us commend *Corneille*. *T*... one one of the long Robe, was envious of Marshal *de Turenne*. All that is called Glory, of what nature soever it be, is the subject of our Jealousie. We are unwilling not only that any should be happy, in the manner as we are, but also that they should be in any manner happy. *T*.... was effectually mortified, when he was told of some that lived well together, and that there were some real Friendships. It seems his business

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was always to divide Families, and Friends, and was particularly Induſtrious to know all Men, that he might create trouble to all. There are not a few very like to this Man.

If Men in all things that ſtirs up Envy in them, would aim at that which is beſt, then would Envy become a generous Emulation; but on the contrary, it is a wicked Paſſion; for under it, Men deſire always, that which hath leaſt of good. There is not a Prelate, Monk, or Prieſt, in the Nation, who would not gladly be the King's Confeſſor. Yet I know not one of them would be Father *le C....* their Eye is on the Glory of that Poſt, but they little regard the Virtue, that hath given it ſo much honor. The King's Confeſſor is one who directs the Conſcience of a great Monarch, and hath more power in diſpoſing Preferments than other Men have. This they aim at. Father *le C...*

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is a Religious Perſon, who in the height of his Honour, continues modeſt, and extreamly Regular; whereby he may the better accompliſh the Duties of his Place. This is not the mark of them, that envy his Employment. True it is, one of theſe, Father *le C....* and the King's Confeſſor, is much more eſteemable than the other; and in my judgment it is the Father, and not the Confeſſor.

Envy and Jealouſie are not the ſame; Envy is a vexation for not having that Good others enjoy; but Jealouſie is a diſcontent, bred by ſeeing, or fearing others enjoyment of the like as we have: the poſſeſſion of a good Thing, increaſeth Jealouſie more than the want of it. *H...* before he Married, was given to Jealouſie, but ſince, he is Jealous to madneſs.

In thoſe Matches where Love bears the greateſt Intereſt, there is ordinarily ſomewhat of Jealouſie;

ſie; the ſame thing which makes a Lover happy, makes him Jealous: All that is done for his ſake, may, as he thinks, as well be done for the ſake of another. He that finds the Womans foible as to him, believes ſhe may as eaſily be won by any one elſe.

Paſſion doth not always extinguiſh, but it ever diſturbs, and troubles Love.

A Husband, or Lover, that's Jealous, hath more of diſtruſt, than love of his Wife, or Miſtreſs; and ſhews that he is fonder of himſelf, than of her; and that he diſtruſts her, more than himſelf.

The being Jealous, injures two Perſons, and honors one: The jealous Perſon, and his Miſtreſs, are injured, and honor is done to the Rival.

Friendſhip is no leſs obnoxious to Jealouſie, than Love: The more perfect the Friendſhip is, the more juſt it ſeems for one to claim it all. What Wife or Miſtreſs

ſtreſs is ſo jealous of her Husband or Lover, as a very devout Perſon is ſometimes of his Confeſſor? It may be asked. of what nature is this Jealouſie in devout Perſons? I anſwer, the ſame as it is in others. Madam *E*... forbid Mrs. *D*.... the ſight of Madam *L*.... out of the ſame principle, as drove the Preſident *D*... to hinder Father *S*,. from being Confeſſor to the Marquis of *H*.. If there be any difference, it is that of theſe two inſtances, the latter hath more of jealouſie than the other.

When the Paſſions are ſtript of their outward Veſture, whereby their diſorder is expoſed, they are the more fierce, and as ſoon as we are no longer obliged to make ſcruple, we are wholly ſurrendred to the ſway of them.

5. *SELF-INTEREST.*

IT hath been heretofore obſerved, that all things give place to Self-Intereſt, as being the chief Ligament of Friendſhip, and the prime Motive of all Men's Actions; and we may to this add, that in all Ages ever ſince Men were, or ſhall continue in the World, that obſervation was, and will be true.

It is not very ſurprizing to obſerve, that in all times Men have bluſhed at their being made appear Self-Intereſted, and yet there never was a Perſon, whoſe opinions, and behaviour did not tend to eſtabliſh in him the Dominion of Self-Intereſt?

Examining well the manner how we judge of things, we ſhall find little reaſon to blame a man for

for being Selfiſh. We pretend that it is baſe, to be concerned with others, for the ſake of any good to be received from them, whilſt, in truth, it is that only, which makes us join with them.

We ſay merit only ought to be Reſpected, but we find out that merit in ſuch only as are uſeful to us. We cry up Juſtice, Legality, and Integrity, but all thoſe put together have leſs Efficacy, to fix our Engagements, than Self-Intereſt. It is no ſtrange thing to be affirmed, that however diſintereſted, and adorers of pure Virtue we are, if an occaſion proffers, we ſhall give the lye to our ſelves, and all our candor and fondneſs of Virtue. Mr. *T*... is an excellent Perſon, and hath a great Paſſion for *E*...; he would readily ſpend his Life in her Service; but he wants an Eſtate, walks a Foot, and has ſometimes occaſion to borrow. She vows he

he deſerves to be Loved, but yet in truth ſhe neither loves nor cares to pleaſe him. *A*.... is a ſtupid Brute, but waits on her in his Coach. She no ſooner hears that, but away, ſhe leaves Mr. *T*.... retires to adjuſt her ſelf at her Glaſs; over and over again; a great Chair is ſet, and Mr. *T*.... may pleaſe to retire, and divert himſelf in the Anti-room, After all this, *E.* is a good Woman: State and Pomp are no leſs important in the Honourable, than in the other Amour.

The Counteſs of *B* .. is a Perſon of Honor and Worth equal to any in *France*, and after the declenſion of her Affairs, reſigned herſelf up, very ſeriouſly, to a devout Life; ſhe went to .... for choice of a Confeſſor, and pitch'd upon the Prieſt of.... who is a good ſort of Man, and ſincere; but for want of a Coach to fetch him, ſhe cannot prevail with him to come to her. He goeth four

times

times a week to the Marqueſs of *D...* that hath Coaches, and Money; but the Counteſs can ſcarce obtain the tranquility of a monthly ſhrift; and yet her Confeſſor is a good Man; but how good ſoever the Confeſſor is, it is a pain to him not to go, whenever a Coach is ſent for him.

That Men's Actions ſhould be thus, is leſs ſurprize to me, than to hear them proteſt that Intereſt hath no influence upon them. It muſt be granted, an Eſtate is a very neceſſary thing; for we cannot ſhift well without it, and alſo for the giving a value, even to Virtue it ſelf, which is, as t'were, loſt in Poverty. A Coach is alſo a very uſeful thing, and ſome cannot always walk: why then ſhould we ſcruple to own, that we prefer thoſe Men that have Eſtates, and Coaches, before others that have none?

We

We are ashamed to own, and profess Self-Interest, because we are conscious of our inability, to restrain our concern for it, within reasonable bounds.

We desire not to appear fond of rich Men, least we are accused of making Love to their Wealth.

A man may be so good as not to covet wealth in himself, but it is wonderful to find one so good as not to covet the having it in his Friends, or Family. *A*.... quitted all he had except one poor Coat, out at the Elbows; he maintained the poverty he had vowed, but yet was always in the Houses of great Men, eating at their Tables, and past whole Summers in the choicest Country-Seats about *Paris*.

P... is a very pious good Nun. She keeps her Rule to a tittle; lodgeth hard, and never toucheth penny of Money. But she left no stone unturn'd to get her Bro-

ther a Farme in the Revenue: It was ſhe that managed all the Friends, and the firſt Congratulatory Letter he received, was from the Nun his Sifter.

The moſt plauſible way of covering Self-Intereſt, is to conceal all deſign looking that way, unleſs it be in behalf of others. *P....* is a Fryar of the ſtricteſt Order, and hath no property; but yet he ſpends moſt of his time in begging for Religious Foundations: he was the means of building a Chancel, and a large Pile of Lodgings in his Convent. He is mightily bleſt by all of his Order, and no man ever had leſs Imputation of Self-Intereſt than he. It is the ſame thing when a man amaſſeth all he can get, to make his Children Rich, and yet paſſeth as one not at all Selfiſh.

No man upon Earth, ever gave or lent any thing without a Selfiſh deſign; the moſt general Intereſt fought, is a kind of Glory in being

ing Bountiful. Therefore it is not the need of the Perſon that diſpoſeth Men to give, but a Talent ſome have of proclaiming their Benefactors.

I knew a Man of Quality, that gave 100 Piſtoles to a talkative Fellow, and refus'd to acquit a Note for 6, which he had lent a better Man, not diſpoſed to talk much. All great Men are Profuſe in Expences of Shew, but Avaricious in thoſe that have no luſtre. We know that *M...* was taken in Execution for 10 Crowns, and at ſame time made a Treat of 1000. There is more of Self-Intereſt in profuſion of great Expences, than in ſparing ſmall things. None is more ſordidly Selfiſh, than a great Lord that pays neither Butcher nor Baker.

Of all things, except the great Revenue Farms, play is that wherein Self-Intereſt governs moſt: That is the only concern, where

all the Vices inſeparably attending Self-Intereſt are ill-natur'd, and Brutal. And however Men cenſure Ill-nature and Brutality, yet in play it is born with and encreaſed. A man ſhall ſtamp, rage, tear the Cards, accuſe his fellow of Cheating, diſpute, opiniatre, and quarrel at play, without the ordinary conſequences. No man's Brain, if Self-Intereſt did not fortifie it, were ſtrong enough to bear profeſt Gaming: A man that loves no Games but thoſe of meer Chance, ſhews ingeniouſly, that his pleaſure is wholly in his Intereſt.

I know well that ſome Men are more avaritious than others; for avarice is ſometimes a natural Paſſion, in which Thinking has a ſmall ſhare; but I do not know that any one man is more Self-Intereſted than another; and I believe if the ſame circumſtances preſented, all Men would be found equal in that; every Man is alike ſen-

ſenſible of the Joy of *Having*, and of the Fear of *Loſing*. It is their different ways of Proceeding, and not the di-verſity their Judgment, which gives ſome a repute of being leſs Self-Intereſted than others.

It hath been a frequent Queſtion, *which of all the Good that belongs to Human-kind, is the chief?* All Men in their Conſciences think it is *Money*; and I wonder much all do not declare ſo.

A rich Man, or a great Lord, hath means of obtaining every thing he hath a mind to; there is not that thing in nature, which his Wealth doth not compaſs; it is even the Soul of all his Friendſhip; ſuch a Perſon muſt not ever think to taſte the true pleaſure of Friendſhip. We do not intereſt our ſelves with any man for the ſake of his perſon, if there be gain in the way ſufficient to engage us. And after all the precaution we can uſe, it is the Rank and Power

of a great Man, and not his Worth, which makes us come up ſo faſt to his Intereſts. Great Place hath the firſt of our offerings, and Merit the ſecond; and in our deliberations concerning any Man, we weigh not much what we ought to do for him, until we are well ſatisfied of what he can do for us.

If a great Man be any thing nice, and you can perſuade him that it is not his Greatneſs that makes you admire him, you may depend on making an Intereſt with him. I wonder not that in the laſt Age, a D. of *Savoy* preferred *L...* before all the Beauties of his Court. She made herſelf agreeable to him by ſaying, *ſhe wiſh'd he had been an ordinary Gentleman, that ſhe might love him.* He being one of a nice Judgment, that fancy took with him; but I much queſtion whether ſhe ſpoke her mind or not; her wiſh coſt her nothing, ſhe knew he would for all

all that be a great Prince; and if for her ſake he ſhould condeſcend to be a Private Gentleman, ſhe would ſoon wiſh him a Prince again. This latter would be a much truer wiſh than the other.

All Men deſire to be eſteemed for their Perſonal Worth, but obſerving their ways of proceeding, it ſhould ſeem rather, they ſought to be reſpected only for their Quality. There are continual Law-Suits, for wrong done to Quality; and what do great Men, when they are offended, ſay? *I ſhall teach him what is due to my Quality*: One might anſwer, *Would you have us regard you for your Worth, and yet talk of nothing but your Quality?* I knew one very angry with his Friend, for ſaying, *he did not become his Friend for any Self-Intereſt. Hey!* ſaid the other, all in a rage, *do you think you can ſubſiſt without me? am not I able to do you Service?*

All Men are fantaſtical in this way, eſpecially Men of great Quality and Place; thoſe are farther gone than others are. I never was with any Intendants, or Governours of Provinces, without being forc'd to make one Remark to my ſelf, occaſioned by the Courtſhip which Men made to them; and that was, that not one ſingle Perſon of theſe Honor'd my Lord.... but it was the Governour or Intendant that they Worſhip'd; they ſcarce knew the Name of him they courted under thoſe Characters; and how ſhould they know his Worth, that were ignorant of his very Name?

I was never more comforted in being inconſiderable, than by obſerving this ſort of Honor done to thoſe that were Conſiderable. If a man were as nothing, and uncapable of riſing, and yet ſhould be thus loved and honored, ſurely he enjoyed a pleaſure that no man

man ever yet taſted. For ſpeaking abſolutely, there cannot be a man who is altogether of no account.

There is really more of Vanity in ſeeking to be honored for our Worth, than in exacting Honors as due to our Quality. But I ſhall not paſs them for humble, who are ſtrict and jealous of the later.

Monſieur *F....* had always a proceſs a foot againſt the Gentry of his Province, and excuſed himſelf, ſaying, *he did but aſſert the Honor due to his Government.* I ſhall ever believe Monſ. *F...* had a ſmall ſhare in the Governours Quarrels.

After all, we may conclude, that the jealouſie of Honor due to our Quality, and to our Perſons, are in truth but one and the ſame; and that we aſſert the Rights of our Quality only becauſe we think we deſerve them.

we part the Degree, and the Perſon, only to furniſh out a ſtile modeſter for the Vanity. It is too groſs to ſay, *I will be reſpected for my Self*; it is much better couch'd to ſay, *It is not for the ſake of me, that I require all this, but to aſſert the Rights due to that Quality, in which God hath placed me.*

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6. *FRIENDS.*

I know many Men, who pretend Friendſhip with all People; every Man is their particular Friend. One of theſe chanced to be ſick, and his Phyſician adviſed him for his diverſion, to go

go abroad, and visit his Friends. My Friends, said he, *I have never a Friend in the World.*

When we say of any Man, *my Friend*, we often reckon without our Host; for we put him in the rank of our Friends, who placeth himself in the rank only of our Acquaintance.

If Men would credit each other as Friends, it is necessary that both come to a Declaration. You say, I am your Friend; pray stay till I say so. Some are so quick in pronouncing a man their Friend, that he hath no way left to disabuse them, but by saying plainly the contrary; but few will be so frank, and Men choose rather to let the deceit pass.

Before you complain, that your Friend hath failed you, it is needful to be well assured, that the man is your Friend; it may be you never had his consent to list him as such. I am convinc'd that in cases

ſes of ſuch ſort of complaints, not one half of the Perſons complained of, ever thought themſelves of that Catalogue.

It was my fortune to Travel in a Stage-Coach with one who was very good Company, and during the Journey was uſeful in many Conveniences. Afterwards, at *Paris*, this Perſon, whom I never otherwiſe knew, made me Viſits; which much ſurprized me. At length he began to talk of his Law-Suits, and ſoon after pretended to borrow Money of me. In all places where he went he declared himſelf my very intimate Friend. I knew not ſo much as his Name, and yet I am ſure, after he found his Viſits troubleſom, he cry'd out, *O falſe Friend!*

Once in an Hoſpital I found out a good Jolly Parſon, whom I had known a Vicar in the Dioceſs of ... I askt him *how it came that he fell into ſuch want?* he anſwered

ſwered, ſighing, *by the ingratitude of one of his Friends*, And who ſhould that be but his Biſhop, who by ſentence juſtly expelled him his Dioceſs.

We know the ſtory of Mrs. *B.* who (as ſhe ſaid) *after the loſs of 2 Friends, could never be comforted.* One was *R...* the Player, and the other Cardinal *Richlieu*, the prime Miniſter of State.

We are not much to wonder, if thoſe who eaſily make themſelves Friends, do as eaſily diſcharge themſelves from that Character.

There needs no nice diſtinguiſhing about the claim of Friendſhip, with the preſumptuous, plain, or ſtupid ſort of Men, either to give, or aſſume the Character of Friend: But with Men of Sence it is otherwiſe; for they never confound, that which ſhould be called Friendſhip, with that which ought to be called only Acquaintance.

After

After ſervices done, and benefits mutually received, there is a ground ſufficient to believe, that one may be a Friend, in caſe he thinks fit to aſſume that Character. And from the moment a man declares himſelf, he is obliged to perform all the Duties of a Friend, and nothing can diſpence with any of them. Moſt People declare themſelves too ſoon, and then repent, but then it is too late; for no man can with honour, quit the Character of a Friend, after he hath once taken it upon him.

In declaring Friendſhip with Men in Proſperity, all Men are haſty enough; but when Adverſity comes, then they ſhall ſoon know they were too precipitate.

Under a cours of good Fortune, the noiſe and ſplendor of Friendſhip ſhall be egregious; but we can taſte the true Joys of

of it, only under ill Fortune; for that only is the true teſt of Friendſhip: The being comforted under a misfortune by a true Friend, is a pleaſure much more exquiſite, than that of Congratulation for good Succeſſes. He that Congratulates his Friend in Proſperity, is recompenc'd for it; but he that grieves with him in Adverſity, gives his tears for nothing.

Some are falſe to their Friend without Ceremony, and ſhall fail them, without ſo much as colouring their perfidy, by any pretence. It is no ſooner believed at Court that a man is in Diſgrace, but three parts of his Friends in a moment turn their backs upon him, and without ordering any thing previouſly to fit themſelves for it. The reſt, who are alſo reſolved to break with him, forbear declaring themſelvss publickly, and amuſe away ſome time with Viſits, but trembling, and very ſecret.

cret. Afterwards, the diſgrace continuing a few months, they are all at the ſame paſs, and he ſhall not have a Friend left.

I like it much better, that Men who reſolve to be no longer Friends, ſhould ſtrait declare it, and not to continue ſo much as the ſhew of Friendſhip. We can more readily take our meaſures with them that declare quickly. Falſeneſs too ſlow in declaring, doubly torments.

Thoſe who are aſhamed to deſert their Friends, before it comes to that, induſtriouſly take care to inſinuate a belief, that their Friends misfortunes proceeded only from bad Conduct; and by that ſhift perſwade themſelves, that the ſhame of their Falſeneſs is leſſened, while in truth it is aggravated.

To blaſt a Friend firſt, and then make it an occaſion of leaving him, is the perfection of Infidelity and Ingratitude.

He

He is really a leſs diſhoneſt Perſon, who ſays, *he left his Friend becauſe he was unfortunate*, than he who ſays *he left him becauſe he did ill things.* Setting aſide what concerns the Government, and our common Safety, there cannot be a proceeding ſo faulty, as that which authorizeth one Friend to abandon another. And ordinarily ſuch as having deſerted a Friend, declaim moſt againſt his ill Demeanour, are themſelves guilty of that, whereof they reproach him.

It was ordinarily accounted, that *S...* was given to Women, and this bred him no ſmall troubles: He had ſeveral Female Friends, ſome Miſſes, others Virtuous; the former every one left him, but the others continued to own themſelves his Friends.

A Virtue is certainly very feeble, which fears the being infected by another Virtue, that is ſuſpected.

He

He that owns a real Virtue, and well-grounded Reputation, cares not if his Virtue or Reputation ſuffers in Men's Opinions, by continuing a Friend to one, whoſe behaviour is cenſured.

A man hath no reaſon to deſert a Friend ſo cenſured, if he have either Authority enough to juſtifie, or Virtue enough to direct him in a better way.

One knows not in what way a man ought to be puniſh'd, that leaves a Friend for being unfortunate in his Reputation; Chriſtianity obligeth him to continue his Fidelity; that, being innocent, he may juſtifie, and if faulty, reclaim him.

The World either comments upon, or ſlighteth that ſort of Infidelity. Such as underſtand, judge rightly, that this wonderful tenderneſs of Reputation, is but a colour for Perfidy. It is certain, he that in ſuch caſe expoſeth a Friend,

Friend, impoſeth upon only Hypocrites and Fools.

Ceſar had reaſon enough to ſay, *that it was not enough for his Wife to be Virtuous, but ſhe ought always to be thought ſo.* And Men upon point of chooſing, have reaſon to ſay the ſame of Friends; for after the choice is made, ſuſpicions (which with *Ceſar* ſerved to Repudiate his Wife) are not cauſe enough for one Friend to Repudiate another.

The Virtue and Authority of an Husband, never reſtores loſt Reputation to a Wife, but that of Friend often doth it for another.

It is much more generous, and worthy a good Man to believe, his own Reputation may ſet his Friends right, than to fear that his friends ſhould contaminate his.

A man that breaks Friendſhip, becauſe his Friend's Repute is attackt, either ſuſpects, or is intoxicated

xicated with his own Reputation.

It is a good care, not to have a Friend with an unſound Reputation, but to work painfully to Redintegrate the ſuffering Reputation of a Friend, is yet much better.

It is an horrible Malice, for any to create an opportunity of breaking with a Friend, by calling him Rogue, or Cheat. If he be ſuch, you may do well to break, but never declare it.

It often happens, that a Man by charging loudly his Friend of Knavery, ſilently accuſeth himſelf of falſeneſs.

There never was a Friend, who did not exact that his Friend ſhould be entirely his own, but very few have come up in thoſe meaſures as was expected.

No one was ever ſatisfied abſolutely with his Friend; there will always be ſomewhat to connive at, or pardon.

Nothing

Nothing more apparently ſhews how little Men are ſatisfied of their Friends Affection, than the pain they live under, for want of ſome tryal of them. Our Friend never failed us; that's enough to aſſure his Fidelity, and one would not be convinced, it were poſſible, he ſhould ever fail.

The manner of our proceeding with reſpect to Friends, in affairs that need them, is ſo extravagant, that one can hardly find a tolerable Reaſon for it. We almoſt bluſh to make reaſonable demands, and have no ſhame at all, in demanding things moſt unreaſonable; there is nothing more fitting, than, at a pinch, to lend a Friend Money; and nothing more unjuſt, than to aſſiſt him in Quarrels and Duels; and yet we are uneaſie at lending, but take it for a great honor, to be made his Second.

Thoſe

Thoſe Men, who either are always craving of their Friends, or would not have a Friend do any thing, equally abuſe Friendſhip.

The deſire of being noted in the World, to have many Friends, is a fooliſh vanity; but takes with moſt People. To ſay, all Men are our Friends, is the ſame as to ſay, we love no body, and none love us. A Lady once bragged, that ſhe had found out the Secret of making 20 Viſits every afternoon; *that is, Madam,* ſaid another Lady, *you have found the Secret of diſobliging* 20 *Perſons every afternoon.*

One ought not to require of a Friend more Confidence, than he is willing to afford us; for Confidence, when asked, is no longer a Mark of Friendſhip.

The

The Rule which Friends ought to obſerve, is the ſame as that of Charity. Demand not of a Friend what you would not have him demand of you; and do not for him any thing, you would not have him do for you.

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7. *BREEDING*

7. *BREEDING.*

THE Abbot *S...* is fantaſtick, his mien trifling, and his diſcourſe no better: He never ſees a Lady without ſaying ſome fooliſh thing to her. He is always Laughing, and none can tell why: In every thing he finds occaſion to Rally, and to vent his Conceits; whereever he Dines, he is ſure to be the firſt ſat at the Table; and takes notice of no man without a kiſs, and then a flap on the ſhoulder. All that have ſence pity him, but none can find out where he learnt this Carriage; and yet he believes it to be the moſt adroit, and that none is ſo well bred as himſelf.

This

The knowledge of Behaviour and Converſe, is no other than a judicious obſerving Decencies.

There are accompliſhments that became all, except only Men in certain Conditions, a Scholar, or a Divine, may be accompliſh'd in his way, but it is not the ſame that becomes a Gentleman.

The skill of good Breeding, conſiſting only in Decencies, is a plain Demonſtration, that a well bred Divine, deſires to appear very little in Company.

There is not any ſort of Company, which is not diſcompoſed by the preſence, and habit of a Parſon.

It is needful to employ all the time of ones Life, to acquire a good Converſation, and how long

ſoever that proves, we ſhall die novices.

It is eaſier to maintain Decency among Men of Quality, than among Cits. And a Familiarity accompany'd with Reſpect, is more agreeable to Men of Sence, than when all Reſpect is laid aſide.

To be never wanting in matter of Decency, requires to know well, not only the ways, and Cuſtoms of the Country where you are, but alſo the Genius, and Diſpoſition of thoſe you converſe with. It is no good Breeding to diſcourſe of Arts and Sciences, with ſuch as are no Scholars; nor to commend temperance to an *Epicure*. Theſe contradictions belong to Zeal, and Charity, and even there have more effect when managed with *Decorum*.

There

There is a Family in *Paris*, where the Count *D*.... (who is really one of the moſt accompliſht Perſons of the Court) paſſeth as ill bred; becauſe he happened once, in the company of one of them, to let fly againſt ſome of the Farmers of the Revenue; not knowing that Family ought their riſe to them.

The Court is the Academy of good Breeding, and Men have more or leſs of it, as they have been more or leſs uſed to the Court.

And as ſome have conſumed their Youth at Schools and Univerſities, without being Scholars; ſo others ſpend their Lives at Court, without being at all well Bred.

Great Abilities are no leſs required, for attaining the Science of Breeding to a perfection, than any other of the Sciences; and the abilities proper for it, are found more amongſt Women then Men.

We may obſerve in all places, and among all ſorts of People, ſome, who never were at Court, which is the only School of good Breeding, and yet are ever inſtructing others; which is, as if a *German* were to teach *Frenchmen*.

It is at Court that Men learn good Breeding, and from thence it paſſeth into the Country, as Men go there, from the Court. But all that's to be learnt in the Country, is like the Schollarſhip of a petty Grammar-School, in the Suburbs of *Paris*; it is but a ſort of

of Accidence, that is learnt in either.

I paſſed ſome time in the Country with one who had been at Court, and talk'd of little elſe: This Perſon of all I ever met with, ſeemed to have the leaſt of good Breeding; for he ſhewed a moſt earneſt deſire I ſhould think him well Bred. At every word, or action, *Ah*, ſaid he, *when one has been at Court, and knows Breeding, he is never troubleſome*; and yet he never was to me otherways. I was often Treated by him, but his Entertainments being ſtrained up, in imitation of the Court Service, were odd and uneaſie to me; and I often roſe hungry from his Table; ſometimes dining with a good honeſt Townſman that never ſaw the Court, I could make a good meal.

Pure natural Clownery, is leſs troubleſom, than half-bred Civility.

Good Breeding may be defined, an art of holding your ſelf in reſtraint, without putting any reſtraint upon others.

One who never reſtrains himſelf, is continually doing amiſs, and he forceth others to do as bad, when he puts reſtraints upon them.

The Ducheſs of.... hath much Ingenuity, but faileth in the Entertaining part at her own Houſe, and it is becauſe ſhe never could reſtrain her Humour.

When any one Viſits the Marquiſs of ..... he ever thinks he hath been wanting in ſome reſpect due to her Quality,

ty, and and it is, becauſe ſhe holds her Viſitants in continual reſtraint.

There goes much Art and Wit, to reſtrain ones ſelf, without putting others under reſtraint with us; for a man pains the whole Company, with whom he is in pain. This is the reaſon there are ſo few skilled in Converſation.

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8. *REPORTS.*

I Had once a Friend, whoſe Viſits I never received without trembling; for he always had ſome ſtory to tell, or council to give: He never told me any thing that much concerned me to know; and yet always ſaid, *it was of the laſt Importance.* He no ſooner became my Friend, but he fancyed himſelf my Tutor, and believed I was moſt highly obliged by his care of my concerns, wherein I never imployed him.

It is hard to determine, whether he that tells all that Men ſay of us, or he that tells nothing, is more wanting to Friendſhip.

There

There is no ſuch thing as a true Relation; for both Relator and Auditor inlarge it.

A Relator of any thing, tho not out of malice diſpoſed to enlarge, yet naturally ſhall do it, out of pure concern, leaſt his ſtory ſhould ſeem a trifle. His tale is no ſooner ended, but he is deſirous it ſhould be thought worth his pains of telling.

A man himſelf hearing what is ſaid of him, may not diſapprove it, but ſhall be very angry at a report of the ſame thing, becauſe it is altered in the conveyance.

Men often take in Jeſt, what is ſaid to their Faces, but what they hear is reported behind their backs, is always taken in earneſt.

It is doubtful, whither any circumstance can render the carrying a Tale to a Man, good Service; that is certainly none which brings discontent.

He that desires to know what is said of him, and will promise not to be angry, deceives himself; but he that thinks to please, by hearing such Relations, is yet more deceived.

It is a sort of a wild Frolick, to hunt about for Enemies, by inviting Men to tell what is said of us, and the first Enemy that starts is the teller.

A man to whom such a story is told, may profit by it, but the Relater never is a gainer, for however Men serve themselves of such, they always despise them.

Father

Father *P*.... lived with the Biſhop of *D*.... his imployment was to obſerve and tell all that paſſed; his ſtories made the Biſhop part with all his Domeſticks, and at length, him alſo.

He that relies upon Stories for underſtanding Men, ſhall never well know any; and he is a bad Maſter, that governs himſelf by the Tales he hears.

A man cheats himſelf, that thinks it poſſible to diſtinguiſh, which Reports are, and which are not to be credited; for Men ever believe that which is moſt perverſe and falſe.

The falſeſt Stories are commonly moſt probable.

When one in ſpeaking, would repreſent another, it is no hard matter. to make him ſpeak naturally.

If

If one knows of whom, and unto whom, a Relation is to be made, it is eaſie to make the whole paſs for truth.

A Tale is offenſive not always becauſe it contains Falſities, but moſt commonly becauſe it contains Truths.

Some Men will be very angry at being told, what Men ſay of them, tho they will ſay the ſame things of themſelves. The D. of *B....* declares every where, that *he can neither read nor write*; and yet broke with a Friend, for ſaying only, *that he was no Scholar.*

A deſign, that Men ſhould relate what is ſaid of you, doth but anticipate Diſcoveries, which will arrive but too ſoon. And tho you uſe all the Endeavours you can,

can, to continue ignorant of what Men ſay, or think of you, it will not be long before you ſhall know it.

Some Men know well enough, without being told, what People ſay of them, and yet will not bear the hearing any one tell it. *C*.... well knows her Intregues are publick; but after *S*.... told her how the Court talked of her Gallantries, ſhe would not ſee him.

Nothing better diſcovers, how far Men are from correcting their miſcarriages, than the manner wherein they entertain Relations of themſelves. They will declare poſitively they will never alter as to what gave occaſion for the report; and juſtifie even the faults of which they are moſt condemned. Many times the very notice, that they are talked of for a Vice, is enough to engage them, never

never to forsake it. One told *L.... that she appeared too much in publick*; upon which she frequented publick Places more than ever. She might perhaps have been devout enough, if it had not been told her, *that she was reputed a Saint.*

I cannot conceive, for what reason it is, that when Men are reproach'd, as well for a Virtue, as for a Fault, they shall opiniatre in the Fault, and not in the Virtue. *L...* came in Publick, because they said she appeared too much; perhaps she had done the same thing, if they had reproach'd her for not coming Abroad at all. A Town Lady opiniatres in appearing abroad, when she is reproach'd for being too much seen; but it is seldom that a Devout Lady opiniatres in that way, after she knows People ridicule her Piety.

Many

Many Men, judging what may be ſaid of them, ſpeak the ſame thing, as what others have told them; and they deſerve for puniſhment, to be agreed with; and that every one ſhould ſay the ſame, as they pretend to have heard from others. The ſaying to one, *you reported ſo of me*, doth but give him occaſion to report it.

A fear that another hath ſpoke ill of you, is oftener a mark of the little eſteem you have of your ſelf, than of him; if you had not given occaſion, you had never feared his cenſures. But this Rule doth not always hold; ſome we know, out of a perverſity of nature, are apt to ſay all that's evil; but then it is not the way to mend them, to diſcover that you think them indiſcreet.

Whatever

Whatever Reputation a Man may have for Lying, he may by carrying but one ſtory, loſe it all; for in the buſineſs of Talebearing, a Lyar hath as much credit as any.

All Men complain of the miſchiefs caus'd by Stories, but there is not one who is not attentive to the telling, and ſometimes, in his turn, a Reporter alſo.

It is as hard, not to repeat ſtories of other Men, as it is not to talk of our Neighbours; Men long equally to ſpeak, and to make others ſpeak, of abſent Perſons.

The example of *Germanicus*, in diſguiſing himſelf, to learn what Men ſaid of him, is not to be followed. In him it was commendable, becauſe he was aſſured of his

his own Moderation, and Virtue. There are few whom I ſhould adviſe to venture the ſame.

We ſhould not liſten after thoſe that talk of us, until we are prepared to hear evil of our ſelves.

I once found a Lady liſt'ning at a Door; *I hearken*, ſaid ſhe, *becauſe they talk of me*: For that reaſon, *Madam*, ſaid I, *you ſhould not hearken at all.*

Some pretend it is good to hear Stories, that we may know who are our true Friends, and whom to truſt: but ſurely there is not a falſer Friend, and whom we ought leſs to truſt, than he who takes upon him to Report, what Men ſay of us; he is falſe to them that ſpoke in his hearing, by telling what they ſaid. How can you truſt a Man, who doth nothing

thing you like, but in his being falſe.

He who makes it his buſineſs to carry Stories, will ſcruple no more to tell, what you ſay of others, than he doth of what they ſay of you. He that drives the trade of Tale-telling, will open his pack in all Companies.

It is not out of any deſign to mend, that we deſire ſo much to know what Men ſay of us, but rather the contrary. *L....* hath an intrigue, and asks every one what the Town ſays of her. If ſhe intended to leave her Intrigue, ſhe would never concern herſelf ſo much, to know if any ſpoke of it.

Men ſaying their deſire to know what their Neighbours are, is to prevent being cenſured by them; is a ſign they are not right. A Lady

A Lady that gives no occaſion for Reproach, doth not torment herſelf about what is ſaid of her.

Such as live in the ſame town together: and often viſit, make a ſort of a Society, and are apt to ſay, *that neither Tale-bearing, nor Backbiting, is found among them.* This is it, ſay they, *that makes our Society ſo pleaſant*: but after all, if one chance to converſe with them, he ſhall find the ſame, as in all other places.

9. *Of* SLANDER.

I Knew a Perſon who was a Town-talk, as concerned in ſome ſcandalous Buſineſs, but they never agreed what it was. He was, in the mean time, run down, and could not recover his Reputation, till mere length of time conſumed the effects of this ſlander.

The occaſion of this Slander proceeded from ſome pleaſant Humours he had: Once going to viſit a Friend in the Country, and miſſing of him at home, he ſtayed a little at an Inn, where he found ſome Women of his Acquaintance: he rallied them upon the ſubject of his good fortune, to meet them there; and ſaid, jeſting,

jesting, *that surely they came on purpose to meet him.* The Hostess overheard that, and supposing the matter to be so, declared in serious earnest, *that her House was no place for such Rendezvouzes.* This zeal of the good Woman, made the Rallery go farther, till at length she grew angry; and after they were gone, said, *that for certain he was some Whoremaster, and that his Wenches met him there.* This created a Report, which found him out at a Friends House, and he was so far from being concerned, that he continued the Rallery as before. Then every one took in with the humour, and for three or four days being there, he had no other Title but *the man of good Fortune.* He returned to *Paris*, and two days after his arrival, he received a command from Court, to repair forthwith to *Flanders*, where his presence was necessary for the King's Service.

Upon

Upon this the Town laying paſſages together, the Ladys meeting him, as was reported, and his precipitate departure, made a formal ſtory; and the diſcourſe was every where, *that he was ſurprized with a Lady of the greateſt Quality at Court, and that the King had either baniſh'd, or ſent him to the* Baſtile. For about ſix weeks this ſtory paſſed, but changing its hew twenty ſeveral times, and every one took at pleaſure a liberty of relating it each a ſeveral way. Advice was ſent to him in *Flanders*, what was reported; and that the ſlander had gone ſo far, as by their pretended aſſignation, to concern Ladies of the greateſt Quality, and for whom he had a great Honor. He haſtned his return, in order by his Perſonal Appearance, to diſabuſe the Town: But he might be angry, or ſerious, and take what pains he pleaſed, prove as clear as the Sun,

Sun, the bruit had no ground, and that the occaſion of it was as before, yet one half of the Town ſtill obſtinately believed it as it had been reported.

The great miſchief of Slander is, that one knows neither how to ward off the ſtrokes, nor to cure the wounds it gives. This is the only caſe of wrong done, againſt the force of which, no man can carry his cauſe, clear of damages. A man hath enough to do to be legally Juſtified; the Party may, by judicial Sentence, clear him, but ſlander ſhall null that Sentence, and condemn Perſons every day.

When a Man's Reputation is attack'd, it is hard to know what courſe is beſt, whither to defend, or not to defend; the latter is the moſt difficult ſide for a man of Honor to take, but it is the ſureſt.

The

The ſtirring uſed in order to be juſtified, ſerves only to augment the ſtream of the ſlander; when the air is put in motion, every thing moved in it increaſeth the agitation; you muſt let it find its own repoſe, and be careful to move nothing.

If once Men have made you the ſubject of their Diſcourſe, you have enough to do, to convince them you are innocent; there will ever remain a propenſity to condemn, rather than to acquit you. A Woman, whom I knew to be a Cheat, told me, *that a Lady of my acquaintance, had an intriegue before ſhe was Married.* I had all the reaſon in the world to think this a mere Calumny, and thought I could prove it ſo to any one; but at length, I found I could not prove it, even to my ſelf. Slander hath more power to perſwade than either Reaſon or Eloquence.

That

That which makes Slander ſo eaſily credited, is becauſe every one hath in his heart, either the Miſchief, or an inclination to the Miſchief, which is attributed to another. And if there be a man in the world, who never committed, nor was ſenſible of Miſchief, ſlander is loſt with him. The truth of the matter is, every one who readily credits the evil ſpoke of another, gives good cauſe to believe, and to ſay the ſame of him.

If you would be ſure not to credit Slander, there is but one expedient, and that is, never to hear it. If we fancy that by our correcting our Manners, to ſilence Calumny, we are much miſtaken, and more if we think to do it without mending at all.

Not any right you expect from

your Neighbour, but that which he expects from you, obligeth you to reform: Your giving him occasion to talk, is as unjust on your part, as it is on his part, to talk without occasion given.

Living well doth not certainly silence Calumny, but it certainly disarms it.

The meanness of Men's Understandings, breeds more slander, than malice in their Hearts. Those who want Sence to know rightly, what you do, are more than those who bear malice to invenom it.

If all Men's Understandings were alike, there would be much less Calumny in the World; the same thing which in the mouth of a man of Sence is harmless, may become obscene in the Ears of a Fool.

A fool underſtands nothing leſs, than, the Language of a man of Sence; the manner of ſpeaking gives occaſion for more Calumny than the manner of doing; and there would not be ſo much occaſion for Calumny, if Men were as careful of their Words, as they are of their Actions.

Some Men, fearing a thing will be ſpoke by others, begin and ſay it themſelves; if they fancy by that means to prevent the Scandal, they are deceived. For Slander will yet ſay the ſame, only they have the honour to begin it.

When a man ſpeaks a thing againſt himſelf, ſome are apt to ſay, *if it were true, he would not have ſpoke it*; but they forget that Calumny ſpeaks Lies, as well as Truths.

No man ever had reaſon to ſay any thing, which might occaſion a Calumny; if it were true, he ſhould not ſpeak it, if falſe, he ſhould not be a means that others ſpeak it.

We complain of Backbiters for their evil Speaking; have not they reaſon to complain of us, for giving them occaſion ſo to do? while you have no care of their Malice, why ſhould you expect they ſhould be careful of your Infirmities? you by doing ill, augment their malignity; and they out of malignity, condemn your bad Actions; neither is in debt to the other.

It is ſaid, *that Slander directs no man*; it may be as well ſaid, *no man directs Slander.*

There

There will never want Slanderers, ſo long as Men live at the rate they do; I am not ſure, that if Men lived better, there would be any; I wiſh the experiment were try'd.

There will always be Rumours paſſing abroad, whereof no Author can be named: but then all thoſe who are concerned in diſperſing them, conſidering they add and alter after their own fanſies, ſhould be accounted Authors. One perſon may invent a Calumny, but if others had not a malignity, ſo as to diſperſe it, the ſlander would move a Snailes pace. When Men think they have a title to rehearſe what they hear others ſay, they are miſtaken; it is no more permitted, to repeat a Calumny, than it is to throw Oyl into a publick Conflagration:

flagration : He that fires the Houſes, and he that threw in the Oyl, are both culpable, but which of them is the moſt innocent, I ſay not.

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10. *Perſons Living together.*

I Knew two Men in *Paris*, who for twenty years together had been Friends; they often met, and with pleaſure to both; they were uneaſie only at being in ſeveral Lodgings: At laſt they got the better of that, and Lodged both in the ſame Houſe; after which, they could ſcarce hold out ſix months, but were conſtrained to part.

It is very difficult for Men that are together all hours of the day, to be continually pleaſed with each others Company.

The being together, ſeparates more than it unites; a little diſtance, both as to Eſteem and

Friendſhip, is very wholſome.

They ſay, Preſident *D*... is a ſourb, dangerous, avaritious, and odious, to all that frequent him. For my part, I thought him a reaſonable Man; but I ſaw him not above thrice in a year, and then always at his eaſie Hours, and when he was well inclined.

When a Perſon of Worth firſt appears, Men deſire to frequent, and to know him; and that is the way to find out, that his Worth is not ſo conſiderable.

The Marchioneſs *D*... was mightily taken with Father ..... ſhe never ſaw him out of the Pulpit, and thinking him the greateſt Man of the Age, would needs have him for her Confeſſor; but after ſhe was acquainted, ſhe deſpiſed him.

Very

Very few Perſons are conſiderable near hand, you muſt view them at ſome diſtance; we ſeldom find merit that can abide the teſt of Familiarity.

The People of ſmall Towns, and of Pariſhes in great Towns, thoſe of communities, and Men that manage together, are ſeldom Friends; it is becauſe they ſee one another too often.

The occaſion of the little Friendſhip and Union, that is among ſuch as live together, is not only the Failings, which they diſcover, but their Humour, and Genius alſo. If thoſe are the ſame on both ſides, they pardon all Failings. And ſometimes a Neighbours Failings diſcovered, are the cauſe of a conjunction with him.

I knew a Lady, who was not to be ſeparated from another;

and one would wonder why one of her great Wit, ſhould for her perpetual Companion, chooſe one of ſo little. It is certain, that having leſs wit than her ſelf, was the cauſe, ſhe was ſo wonderfully delighted with her.

It is very rare, that in one and the ſame Profeſſion, two Perſons of equal Worth, ſhould be friends.

In order to live in peace, it is more neceſſary to conceal our Perfections, than our Failings. And this Precept is more eſpecially to be obſerved, for maintaining an Intereſt in great Men: Any merit conſiderable, is a greater diſturbance, than pleaſure to them.

One thing, which divides ſuch as dwell together is, that no man is able to confine himſelf to his own

own affairs, but will needs be medling in anothers.

It is moſt ridiculous to obſerve, that *E*.... extraordinarily Religious as ſhe is, keeps a ſtrict account of all that Viſit *V*..... this is not done for jealouſie; for they have no Concerns to interfere; nor are ſo much as acquainted, but it is her humour.

Nothing is cheaper, than the Work of Spies, for without any ones paying, you have them in all places, ready to ſerve.

The ſecret of Living in Peace, is to be above a world of things: All pretend to be ſo, but none are ſo much as they pretend.

One ſaid to a Lady of my acquaintance, *Madam, do you know that you are very much cenſured for admitting ſuch a one to viſit you?*

Good

Good God! ſaid ſhe, *how I deſpiſe ſuch idle Talk; I declare its not worth mywhile to take any notice of it.* There was not one who heard her ſay this, but thought ſhe was really above all that could be ſaid of her. And yet ſhe was full two hours together buſie, enquiring who it was that ſpoke, and what they ſaid.

There may perhaps be ſome who have ſtrength enough, to diſſemble what diſturbs them; but there are none who do not reſent, and remember it.

Men cannot live together, without knowing how to forgive, and yet Men will not forgive any thing.

Two ſorts of People contribute to the little unity, of them who live together: 1. Such as think they never do enough for you. 2. Such

2. Such as think you never do enough for them. Theſe failings are ſeldom one without the other; but its impoſſible to live with one that hath both; it is that they call *teaſing a man out of his Life.*

Nothing but Charity, can make Friends that are unfortunate, agreeable.

There are others never pleaſed, uneaſie at their Diet, at their Habitation, and are troubleſom in all ſorts of Affairs. Their Friends living with them, are under the ſame Hardſhips, as their Domeſtics that ſerve them.

Others contrarily mind nothing, every thing is right and good. It is impoſſible by any thing you can do to oblige ſuch; for you ſhall always find them pre-obliged by nothing.

Men

Men that would live well together, muſt either never, or ever diſſemble.

With ſome you muſt always be gueſſing, which will pleaſe them.

A man is expoſed to offend, when he cannot pleaſe but by gueſs.

At a Table where I was, a Lady would not ſay what ſhe liked, and it hap'ned that ſhe was always Carved what ſhe could not eat; at laſt ſhe roſe up in a fury; but whoſe fault was it?

It is a nice undertaking, to ſeek the contenting one, who never will ſay what ſhe would have.

One

One thing more there is, which hinders the accord of them who live together; and that is, every one expects that others ſhould conform to his Inclination, and no one will conform to the Inclination of another.

The Counteſs of .... is the moſt of any, agreeable in Converſation, provided you give her preminence in every thing, and no one contradicts her.

If it can be ſaid, that there was ever in the world two friends who lived well together, I muſt add, that then one of them knew how to yield to the other.

The two Sources of Diſcord always found in Communities, are Idleneſs, and ſmall Capacity: Such as are Men of Worth, and take

take pains, however they ſtrive againſt it, cannot help falling foul on the Fools, and Impertinents, who will always be putting themſelves in their way.

The Rule in Monaſteries, that declares all Men equal, becomes an eſtabliſh'd Principle of Pride, and Independances; which is contrary both to the intent of their Founders, and to the peace of the Community: For while each thinks himſelf equal to his fellow Fryar, it is extreme difficult for any one of them to give way to the other. It were better to have the Rule be, that each man is leſs than another. But nothing leſs than Humility it ſelf, can eſtabliſh that for a Maxim.

If a diſcrete Perſon happens to live among Fools, it is an infallible way to make him paſs for

for one. *S*.... who had an intire Repute, among the moſt polite Wits; at St. *N*.... where he reſided ſome time, paſſed for an Impertinent.

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11. *Pretending to Things.*

I Was once viſited by one that was reported to have Remedys for all ſorts of Diſtempers. He was no ſooner come, but I know not how many would needs partake of his Viſit; for each had ſome ailement to adviſe upon, and a world of Queſtions to ask him.

It is dangerous to profeſs any thing, for under the notion that one owns to know more than ordinary Phyſicians, men require of him to give an account of every thing which hath the ſhew, or name of a Diſtemper; and he muſt endure all the Queſtions they will ask him.

But

But ſhould he undertake to anſwer them, his caſe were yet worſe. And that is what theſe pretenders are for the moſt part addicted to; they perſwade themſelves they muſt not be ignorant of any thing, that falls within the limits of the Science they profeſs.

It is impoſſible for one, who would be thought to know all things, not very often to expoſe his Ignorance.

The world is full of this ſort of People. I remember, when I was very young, I paſſed ſome time in a Country Village, and after I had made a few Verſes, and the Company had ſeen ſome little of my writing, I paſſed for no ſmall Wit.

There

There is ſcarce a Country-Town, where there are not ſome who ſet up for Wits, and it may truly be ſaid, that diſeaſe prevailes more there, than at *Paris* it ſelf. If a Lady hath read a Romance or two, ſtrait ſhe is a Wit; and if it be her fortune to come to *Paris*, and happen to be in Company with ſome celebrated Author, there wants nothing to ſend her back poſſeſſed, that ſhe is a prime one; and not without all the preſumption, which ſuch a fanſie can inſpire in a feeble Mind.

Purſuant to this opinion of witſhip, which at the place aforeſaid, I had acquired, it was expected, I ſhould underſtand every thing, and give an account of all matters that Wits ordinarily deal in. Every day I was asked ſomewhat or other, *as what I thought of Monſieur* Rochfocault; *If I ever had converſe*

converſe with Monſieur Fagett; *or if* Corneill *was not one of my Friends?* And I gueſſing by theſe Interrogatories, that it was moſt Eſſential to a Wit, to be acquainted with all the eminent Ones, I anſwered without ſcruple, *that all theſe* (whom I had never ſeen) *were my particular Friends and Acquaintance.*

This was not all, I was often conſulted in Niceties, which, however incompetent, I ventured to Reſolve, and pronounc'd upon every word of our Language more Magiſterially, than either *Vaugelas*, or *Menage*; the blindneſs of their Characters is incredible, but mine was greater, for pretending to anſwer them in every thing.

There are many in the World that all their Lives practiſe this, which I did only in the rawneſs of my Youth.

A right good Man profeſſeth no Art, he doth not anticipate, but expects occaſions to ſhew what he is, and what he knows: he doth not ſnap opportunities to ſhew himſelf, and ſpeaks not till he is demanded, and if he does not know, owns it without any Concern, and never ſpeaks but that which he underſtands.

A Man of Parts hath Two Extremes to avoid: 1. Earneſtneſs to ſhew himſelf: 2. Affectation of being Concealed. *G....* makes me mad when he will be Singing, and I am impatient when, being ask'd, he refuſeth ſo it do.

A pretender never doth right to himſelf, and hath much leſs right done him by the Publick; he arrogates to himſelf qualities he hath not; and the Publick denies him ſuch as he hath.

T.... pretends to Nobility, and derives his Pedigree from the antient Kings of *Britany*; the Publick reputes him but a Shop-keeper's Son. After all, he is a Gentleman, and if he did not set up higher, he might pass as such.

By pretending, Men often lose the real fruit, and merit of what they profess.

B... is really Virtuous and Pious, and did she not set up so very much for Devotion, her example might do a world of good; but that makes Men endeavour to discover in her the Self-Love, Vanity, and over Niceness, which is peculiar to such as are pretenders to Saintship.

Practise Virtue, but let none think, you aim at a Reputation from it.

The

The World has this piece of Injuſtice; there are Prieſts, and Religious Perſons, who are irreprehenſible, and yet Men are inclined to think amiſs of both. It may be ſaid, that the Layety would not be apt to judge ſo, were it not for their Habits, which declare they profeſs ſomewhat extraordinary.

I ſhould deſire, if it were poſſible, that Men would do all the Good they can, before any one ſhould know, they had ſo much as a thought of ſo doing.

The Marquis *D*.. told me, ſhe intended to make a general Confeſſion, but ſhe had not yet done it, becauſe her Confeſſor ſhewed a wonderful Earneſtneſs, and Zeal in recommending it to her.

Let

Let me not know that you expect my Repentance, and I ſhall forthwith Repent.

It were well if Virtue and Zeal would diſplay themſelves, without either Trumpets to proclaim, or Machines to ſet them off.

Some Men make ſmall progreſs in a Miſſion, becauſe of their very great deſire to advance in it.

I knew a Preacher, who upon *Aſh-Wedneſday* obliged himſelf *in verba ſacerdotis*, to Convert all Men, but I believe he never Converted any.

I knew another, who never preach'd but us'd to add, *Beloved, at my next, I ſhall preſent a Subject that will make the very ſtones Relent*: They laugh'd at his Ser-

mons, and contemned his Denunciation.

I blame not such as go forth on Missions, nor such as retire from the World, or think by any holy Practise to benefit their Souls; it is an Imploy, or rather Duty of an Apostolick Person so to do. But the Apostles themselves never pretended to Perfection.

Invent what you will, and imagine all things, but pretend to perfection in nothing.

It is not the Fame of some Men's Missions, and Retirements, that Converts Men, it is their sweet Temper, Humility, and (if I may use the Expression) the Honesty and Plainess of their Zeal.

Another effect of the Vanity of them who profess any thing,

is,

is, that they are found to have only the ſuperficial part, and meer husk, of what they pretend to.

I knew one who had a conſiderable Applauſe for Learning, and if he had not ſet up ſo high, in the way of being a Scholar, he might have proved an extraordinary one.

He procured the keeping of a good Library, and finding himſelf ſurrounded with Books, at firſt applyed himſelf to read and underſtand Some; which he did carefully, making his Collections and Remarks: and once upon his diſcourſing of what he had read, one perceiving him give a ſenſible Account, asked him *what time he would take to go over all the reſt of the Books?* he anſwered, *that after a years time there ſhould not remain one Book,*

whereof he would not be able to give as good an account.

He little conſidered, to what narrow Limits human Capacity is confined.

Being deſirous to make good his word, he proceeded, but ſunk under the difficulty of his Undertaking, and at length contented himſelf with the peruſal only of Titles and Indexes, and ſo accompliſhed his year; but having ſtudied in a manner ſo precipitous, he was but indifferently Inſtructed even in them. This hurry of Study diſordered his Brains, which then repreſented the whole Library all in a heap; and he could never after unravel the ſnare and confuſion he was tangled in, until he reſumed his firſt ſlow method, and pretended no more to Extraordinaries.

I have known in the World, and in all ſorts of Affairs, abundance of Men, who never enter deeper than the bark, or outſide of the good Qualities, they ſet up for.

If men did not value themſelves for being Pious; and Virtuous, there would be no Hypocrites.

If the having an upright Heart, could be a mode, nothing were better than to ſet up for the top of that Faſhion.

But the faſhionable Piety, is often but an Inſtruction, how Men are to proceed; in aſſuming only the outward Garb of it.

And it fares with this faſhion, as with others, Men are ruined by the mode of rich Habits, and Equipages. One Man is Gold Cap-a-

pee, without a penny in his Purſe; another is modeſt, lives Regularly, carries a demure Countenance, ſpeaks little but of Piety, and Penitence, and yet in his Heart hath not one grain of Goodneſs.

To ſpend extravagantly, at the top of a Faſhion, is not the way to be Rich, and it is as true to ſay, putting on the outward Garb of Virtue, is not the way to be Virtuous. If Men were bound to order their Expences according to their Eſtates, they might be Richer; and perhaps if Men were bound, to make ſhew of no more goodneſs, than really they had, they would become virtuous.

Great Eſtates are ſpent by Oſtentation, and Virtue alſo is waſted the ſame way.

All

All Virtues that are not founded on Humility, are feeble, that is the only incorruptible Virtue, Men that are Humble, never profeſs any thing extraordinary.

12. *Such as Act by Imitation.*

SOme Persons will do every thing they see done? with others, there is no better reason to decline doing, than that another hath done so before them; but as to the Practicks of the World, I esteem those, who imitate all, rather than those, who will follow no example.

Madam .... is intolerable for straining, as she doth, to imitate the Marquiss of *D*.... and yet she is a virtuous good Lady. Mr. .... is so singular, that if a Fashion takes at Court, he will be sure to be dress't different from that; he is extreme Fantastick, and it is impossible to live well with him.

Fashion

Faſhion is but Imitation, by Publick Authority; ſo that whoever declines a Faſhion, ſets up a Private Authority, under which he would impoſe on others.

There are certain Airs and Miens, which none ſhould imitate, and yet every one, even againſt their own wills, do it. There are others whom all deſire to imitate, and yet few or none can bring themſelves to it.

The Governor's Lady of..... ſaid, *that the* Norman's *pronunciation was Languid, and enough to make one Swoon away*; and yet ever ſince ſhe lived in *Normandy*, her own Dialect hath been *Norman*.

There is ſcarce one at Court who doth not inſenſibly ſtrain, to move in the Air and Mien of the D. of ... and yet that D. never did

any thing in his Life worthy of Imitation.

All ſay that Father *D*... in his preaching, ſpeaks too faſt; and yet ſince he hath had the vogue, all other Preachers talk Poſt; that which was well in him, in all others is a fault.

It is no new Obſervation, that Men ordinarily chooſe to follow the moſt depraved Actions, of thoſe they would imitate; it is as old as *Alexander* the Great.

That Men imitate Failings, rather than Perfections, is not only becauſe good is the more difficult, but it is alſo occaſioned by Men's want of Judgment to diſtinguiſh.

All Men with common conſent own, that the D. of.... is a Perſon of great Honour and worth, but there

there are ſcarce ten Perſons at Court, capable to know wherein it conſiſts.

If it require Merit, to be capable of underſtanding it in others, it is much more required to follow it.

A man hath no ſooner acquired a Repute of Worth, but every one hath a ſecret tendency, to imitate him; but they can imitate no more than they underſtand. Thoſe who aped *Alexanders* aukward bearing his Head, were content with that, becauſe they had not ſence to go farther.

After one hath propoſed to imitate another, he takes that which he likes beſt; therefore the outſide, which firſt ſtrikes the Eye, hath the advantage, and is almoſt the only thing followed. If a man can but talk, or walk like another,

he

he ſtrait arrogates to himſelf all the others Perfections; ſome ape his Dreſs, and others his Gate, and ſome his Speech, but few penetrate deeper.

Inferiours imitate all the Aires of a great Man, whether good or bad,; ſo the ſetters up for wit, imitate thoſe, who are accounted ſuch. *Madamoiſelle de Scudery*, wrote a long Hand, and every City Dame, that would be a Wit, muſt needs write an inch deep. It is ridiculous enough to obſerve a Tradeſman, or paltry Shopkeeper, affect the Garb of a Man of Quality; and more ridiculous, when a Clergyman doth ſo: one gives offence, the other is not to be born with.

When I was in the Country, one of the Officers of the Law, being told, that the D. of.... (ſpeaking of his Father) ſaid *Mon-*

Monſieur my Father, and ſo *Madam my Mother*; would needs teach all his Children the ſame Style; one told him, that *only Princes uſed that Style*; he anſwered, *ſo long as Princes do ſo, he being chief of the Town, might do ſo too.* And when I paſſed through, one half of the People, after his Example, thought their Children ill bred, if they ſaid plain *Father and Mother*. And generally all down to the Children of the Pariſh-Clerk, had in their mouths, *Monſieur my Father*, and *Madam my Mother*.

After Father..... had Preached at Court, he altered his Style, and inſtead of *Monſeigneur l'onvoy*, or *Monſigneur de Paris*, at length, he uſed to ſay *Mon' l'onvoy*, and *Mon' Paris*, and not ſeldom retrencht even the *Mon'*. I told him once, that at *Mons*, the Biſhop of *Noyons*, I heard

heard him ſpoke of. *Ah! poor* Noyon, ſaid he, clapping my ſhoulder, *he's my true Friend.* If his title agreed with the reſpect he ought to a Prelate of that Quality.

When a Clergyman overſhoots himſelf, none doth it ſo groſly, nor carrys it ſo far, as he doth.

It is more ridiculous to forget our Rank, than it is to act different from our Genius.

Every ſtation and condition hath ſome quality peculiar, which will not be laid aſide, without infringing Duty, or Decorum.

It is good to rectifie our Natures, but not to force them. And that is beſt done by laying aſide what is faulty, and retaining what is natural.

A fault that's Natural, is better than a good Quality that's Affected.

All that's Natural (except Vice, and Offence,) while it continues ſo, is good.

One may imitate that which is called Virtue, or Courage, but ſo far as it is Natural, it is inimitable.

While Men keep within the bounds of their Natural, they may be Originals, but going without them, they are but Copies, and ſcurvy ones.

Father *S*.... was naturally a ſlow Preacher, but Eminent, becauſe he was painful in a way that was natural to him. If he had endeavoured to ſpeak like Father *P*... he muſt have been contemptible.

There

There is a Perfection proper to every thing, that is Natural; and for obtaining that, Men ought to ſtudy, and know themſelves. But inſtead of that, Men are taken up wholly in ſtudying to know others, and that is the reaſon ſo few ſucceed well.

Every formed Society of Men, have a ſort of Model, by which their Performances are Regulated; one way of Preaching, is peculiar to an Abbot; another to the Capuchins, another to the Feuillans; and ſo to the Jeſuits; and there is a Similitude between thoſe of the ſame Order, whereby they know each other. It is almoſt impoſſible that any thing, which in every man is ſtill the ſame, ſhould be Natural, in ſo many various ſorts of Perſons.

In a Visit to *Monsr. M. de T..* I was much surprized to observe him apt always to stutter, but when I perceived that his Steward, Butler, and Valet, were stutterers, I wondred less at it.

After *G...* was made Governour of .... they say, all the Gentlemen of that Province, took Tobacco, and went about Smoaking.

Nothing shews a man's weakness so much, as being inclined to imitate others.

Most Men now take Tobacco, and drink Coffee, but they are not well agreed upon any benefit had by the one, or by the other: one sure effect they have, that is, they make Men imitate one another, and that's all the good they do.

When

When the Preſident of .... hath no Stomach, he inveighs againſt all Perſons he ſees eat at his Table. And we know the Marquiſe of .... fell out with one of his Friends, becauſe he would eat of an Hare, which meat he never touched.

I once lived with a Man, who had ſuch a fierce Pique to another, that he could in no ſort endure him; and all the cauſe of this Rancour was, the firſt kept three Footmen, and the other would keep as many.

When a thing is Reputable, we take it ill, if others follow it, and if not ſo, we take it as ill, if they let it alone.

Men are not in this ſort Fantaſtick, from the mere Character of their Underſtandings.

The

The ſame Vanity makes Men imitate ſome in every thing, and others in nothing.

The old Marquis of..... opiniatred in the uſe of high Collars, and wide Breeches, and one could not be in his Company long, but he fell to commending the Old Court, and inveighing againſt the New One. It was believed, he did not decline Faſhions out of Covetouſneſs, but out of Vanity.

That Vanity which diſpoſeth Men to be ſingular, is more intractable, than that which leads to aping all the World: The former hath a great ſhare of Pride, the other is but ſimple Vanity.

Men often imitate others, with a deſign of thwarting them. When the P. of.... appeared in a new Dreſs at the *Levy*, the Chevaler .... ap-

.... appeared at Night in the very ſame. His deſign was not to be like, but to diminiſh the luſtre of the others Dreſs.

Some think it a greater Glory to thwart any one, by an imitation of him, than otherwiſe, for that beats him at his own Weapon. Perhaps it may be, becauſe more Men imitate all, than nothing.

13. *WIT.*

THE World is full of feeble Wits, but few will own themſelves of that number.

When Men begin to have reflex Thoughts, the firſt thing they ſay to themſelves is, I *want no Wit*; and that is alſo the firſt thing our Friends tell us.

It is very hard to demonſtrate, that a Man wants Wit; for no Man's portion is ſo ſmall, but at one time or other, he will ſhew ſome, and the leaſt dawning of Sence, will ſerve to perſwade, that the root, which cannot be diſcerned, is found.

One

One that wants Wit, and can be ſilent, may paſs as competently furniſh'd; for Silence, rather than Diſcourſe, is always favoured.

A Man needs a World of Wit, to hold it up, in much diſcourſe; but a little wit, ſpeaking ſhort, may paſs for a much greater than he is.

If we may judge by the manner of a Ladies Diſcourſe, who frequents great Company, ſhe will appear as if ſhe had very much Wit; for the common Road of her Talk, which is but gathered from her Company, deceives us.

There goes more than a good Wit, to ſpeak well; and to ſpeak well, is no proof of a great Wit; for the Language of Quality, and the

the Court, is learnt as a Song, or a new Tune.

A Man may have very good Sence at bottom, and if unuſed to great company, he ſhall be at a loſs, while a Fool ſhall ſparkle it out.

Exerciſe is required as much to make the Wit, as the body uſeful. If a man was never out of his Native Country, what that Country is, may be gueſſed, by his Addreſs and way of ſaluting Company; a Perſon of good Sence, if it be not cultivated by Converſation, hath a way with him, ſo clumſie, as will not be concealed. But then, we are not to conclude, that becauſe a man doth not diſplay his Wit, he hath none, no more than a bad mien, we conclude a Man's Perſon is deformed.

It

If it were generally accorded, what we mean, when we ſay *a Man hath Wit*, it were not hard to diſcern who hath, and who wants it. But every one judgeth according to his own reliſh and opinion. At the Marquis .... one that utters his empty cloſes, and dull Jeſts, paſſeth for a Wit, and whatever is natural and plain, is there thought to proceed from want of Wit.

However Men are confident of their Parts, they ſhall often diſcover their little Sence. And it is diſcerned by their leaning on ſuch as have Wit, and by their manner of Expreſſion, which diſcovers their wit wants props. There are many who never compoſe any thing without citing *Voiture*, and *Rochfocault*, I know not how many times over. They do this, not to credit thoſe Wits, but themſelves,

ſelves; and think they ſhew wit enough, if they know and commend any ſuch. But they often commend without capacity, to judge. And theſe quoters of *Voiture* know little of him, but his Name.

There are others, of a Character oppoſite to this; who think wit conſiſts in criticiſing on thoſe that have wit. Which of the two, thoſe that blame, or thoſe that praiſe too much, have more Sence, I ſhall not declare; but I may affirm, that neither hath wit enough to ſtand on his own legs: Theſe are like the Men, who aiming to be conſiderable at Court, ſome join with the party in favour, and others with the oppoſite party. It is a ſure ſign a man is not ſatisfied with his own Fortunes, who becomes either ſlave, or Enemy to the Fortunes of another.

Molier hath ſufficiently expoſed the humour, which prevailed in the Republick of *Cadis*, pretending to wit, with whom it was a prime Inſtitution, not to allow any out of their Society, to have wit. And yet this very Ridicule, is to be met with every where. In every Country and City, there will be a ſort of People, who think that all the Wit runs in their Channel; and whoever mixeth not with them, in treats and dealings, have, as they fanſie, but little Sence. In one Town I knew five or ſix Societies of this kind; and each thought all the wit in the Town, dwelt with them, and that no where elſe, any was to be met with: One tells you, it is at the Lieutenants, another at the Preſidents. The very Canons of the Church, claim the wit of the beſt Company, to reſide in their Society.

Few

Few Men but will, ſo far as they are underſtood, diſcover this Ridicule in themſelves; and it is moſt manifeſt in Authors.

At . . . . . I heard that Monſieur *Deſprean* had no Sence at all, and at . . . . that Monſieur *Arnaud* was a meer *Ignoramus*.

There is not in Mankind Chriſtianity enough, to allow Enemies to have any Wit.

It is harder to acquire the repute of a good Judgment, than that of being a Wit: For a Song or Paper of Verſes, ſerves for that, but the other demands depth and diſcretion.

Many Men are Witty, without Judgment; and nothing confounds the Judgment like being a Wit; for thoſe who can be divert-

ed with Trifles, never apply to Solidity.

There are some in whose Company all Men are Witty, and others with whom none are so.

Wit, as all other things, is acquired. I knew a Monastery which had all witty Nuns, but it was not so before Madam *Belfont* was their Abbess.

A desperate Retirement jades a good Wit, and depauperates a moderate one.

Whoever is not able, to bring all he undertakes, to perfection, must not pass for a great Wit.

There are Wits very relevant in some things, and failing in others. The condition of human Nature, doth not permit any to culminate that glorious Height of an universal

verſal Underſtanding, Life it ſelf is not ſufficient for ſuch a deſign: One may be capable of all, bu then he will have the diſcretion to ſet bounds to himſelf.

When Men of Wit fail in an attempt, they aſcribe nothing t want of that; but to neglect, o other buſineſs. I have heard Men who ſcarce ſpeak *French*, thei Mother Tongue, complain of the Parents for not breeding ther Scholars. *For ſurely*, ſay they not conſidering they were ſcarc reaſonable Creatures,) *we ſhoul have been very Learned.* W' ſome Men, by Tryals, are co vinc'd they cannot ſucceed in an one affair, they paſs on to ſom other ſort of attempt, which ca not poſſibly be affected, to the en it may be believed, that in ſom other things they might have ſuc ceeded well enough.

It is very uneaſie, for Men to allow others the honor of Wit; yet every where we find, many have the repute of ſurpaſſing others. It is ſtrange, that any Perſon ſhould be eſtabliſh'd, in ſuch a Reputation, conſidering, that for one that yields, their are forty againſt it

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The

The Exerciſe of Wit.

IT requires not only Wit, but an Education alſo, to ſucceed well in Performance. And it is neceſſary ſome Perſon correct in time; for however exquiſite the Wit is, a Perſon left to himſelf, ſhall grow rude, and opiniative. When I was at the Colledge, the Maſters applauded all my Exerciſes, but .... tore ſome in piece, which with the Maſters had gained me ſuch credit.

Country Preachers do not perform well, nor take at all at *Paris*. It is not from want of Wit, or Eloquence, but of Education only; neither do all Men profit by Edu-

cation, nor at all times in their Lives. If .... had been bred at *Paris*, yet he never had Preached well. When Men are paſt the Age that is proper, they cannot correct themſelves, but contrarily grow obſtinate, even in their Faults. Father.... might have Preached as well as Father.... if he had been as docile.

Moſt People, by ſtriving to write better than well, write ill. We have our Sentiments of things from Nature, and fit Expreſſions from Language; we need only well underſtand the Thoughts and Expreſſions, which the one and the other furniſheth. A conceit is often laid aſide, becauſe it is Natural, and an Expreſſion, becauſe it is plain; and thoſe are the true Reaſons for chooſing both. I like *Virgil*, deſcribing a Girl throwing Aples, to be ſeen, rather than *Taſſo*, with his Tankard

kard in deſpair, at the Feet of *Corinda*. A trifle that's Natural, pleaſeth me better, than a forc'd Miracle. Father *M*.... made me Laugh, by the very Paſſages intended to draw Tears. I have alſo obſerved Monſeigneur the late Prince, laugh heartily at ſome Tragedys, and ſit very gravely at a Farce.

If Men of Wit, when they write or ſpeak, knew what they would expreſs, they would always write and ſpeak well. A confuſed Style proceeds only from a diſorderly Conception. *Molier*'s *Citizen turn'd Gentleman*, dull as he was, could both write and ſpeak well, being required to expreſs what was really his Sence. It is not long ſince a Lady ſhewed me a Letter ſhe had wrote full of Gallimaufry Expreſſions. After I had peruſed it, I asked

her *what it was her Ladyſhip intended to write*? ſhe anſwered, *that the K. by his preferring Monſ. .... had well rewarded his Merit, and given her entire Satisfaction.* Then *Madam*, ſaid I, *write ſo, and the Letter will be well.* She took my advice, and inſtead of the ſtuff ſhe firſt ſhewed me, ſhe wrote a very ſenſible Letter.

I do not intend by all this, that great Art is not requiſite to write and ſpeak well, but only that the Art may eaſily be learnt by Men of Wit, provided they will reſolve not to deviate in the leaſt from Nature; if they do ſo, they ſhall never attain it.

The firſt Thing neceſſary to be Studyed, in order to write or ſpeak well, is Nature; then the Art of Language; and laſtly, the Genius or Reliſh of the Age, in which

we

we live: One that hath Wit, and this Knowledge, cannot eaſily write ill, but being ignorant in either of theſe, he can never write well. I grant ſome Perſons will have better Capacities than others, and thoſe that know all, ſhall not conſtantly write alike well, but it is certain, they ſhall never write faultily.

A Letter may, perhaps, be very incorrect, and yet agreeable: to one may write very correct, and yet not well.

It is no great fault in a Lady, writing Letters, to miſpel, but in a Man it is inſufferable.

A Gentleman, or Lady, who can write correct, and affect to do otherwiſe, is to blame; but a Scholar is much more to blame, that exacts correct writing from Gentlemen and Ladies.

There

There are many, whose very Memory passeth for Wit. I know an Author who publish'd at least 30 Volums, without a grain of Judgement of his own.

Those who publish least, are of all Men that compose, found to have oftimes the most Wit: For such a one hath great difficulty to approve any thing of his own, and much greater to Publish, what he doth not approve.

It is accounted that *G....* in three or four years, made no less than 130 Sermons, and *S...* in 10 years could scarce compose enough to serve one Lent.

The prime Wits are ordinarily accounted Lazy; not because they are really more so than others are, but in them niceness and judgment is called Lazyness. Men

who

who will do all things well, can do but little. And the publiſhing a Volume every year, is a ſure ſign of an indifferent Judgment; ſuch a one writes Books, as Maſons build Houſes, both work for pay.

Nothing confounds the Judgement more, than reading ill Books. All our little Romances and Novels, are not only Enemies to all Juſtneſs of thinking, and Moralty, but they corrupt the good Sence, more than the Inclinations. I dou't think Madam ..... is not a Virtuous Lady, altho ſhe ſpends her time in reading Books of Amours, whereof ſhe hath a choice Library, ſelected out of all to be had at the Exchange. But it makes her uncapable of ever reliſhing what is truely good, and ſhe hath no taſte but of trifles. The Story of *Eſther*, compared with that of *Abys* and *Theſeus*, is dull

dull and insipid. And in her opinion, passion is not half so well treated between *Æneas* and *Dido* as in Romances, in a Duchess of *Estramene*, or Marquis of *Ravezan*.

I knew a Lawyer in *Paris*, who passed for a Wit, but declared to me seriously, that he could find nothing of the Sublime in the Style of the Holy Scriptures: and when I answered, that there was more of Beauty and Grandure in the Style of them, whether in the way of Eloquence, Verse, or History, than in all Prophane Authors put together. He looked at me as if I was an alien to Common Sence, and Laught at my Assertion. I thought it vain to attempt setting one right, who had not Sence to know the lofty Style of those sacred Writings, nor indeed the first Principles of Language. The Excellencies of those Books,

Books, demonſtrate themſelves; and it is impoſſible to make them underſtood, by one who knows nothing.

Mons' the late Prince (if I may paſs from the dictates of the holy Spirit, to ſpeak of a Prophane Anthor) once maintained, that in *Tully* there were Paſſages which could not be read, without being in a Paſſion; and to prove it, read a Paſſage in the Speech of *Q. Ligarius*. But perceiving the Company were not moved, he laid down the Book, and ſo ended the Diſcourſe of *Tully*.

The Reputation of Wit advanceth in nothing more than in buſineſs. A man finds a way to enrich himſelf in a few years; *there*, ſays one, *is a Man of Parts*; and yet a little Application, and Treachery, ſufficeth to do that.

A

A Leaden Tayl, and hard Heart gets ground in that Miſtery, farther than good Sence. *G...* could do no good under the late Mons' *C....* and yet *C....* got an Eſtate.

The greateſt Wits are not always the moſt fit for great Enterprizes; ſuch as at one glance diſcovers all the Paths that lead to the ſame point, can ſcarce determine which to take.

It is a ſign of a great Wit, to be undetermined; but to determine ones ſelf right, is a ſign of a much greater. It often happens, that ſuch a one, by reaſon of ſmall Comprehenſion in Thought, determines himſelf better than one that comprehends much more.

A Man of great Ambition, and Power, planted in eaſie Circumſtances, may readily paſs for a great

great Wit. Men in the State, are like the Wheels and Nuts of an Engin; when all the Members are in place, an Infant may turn it; so an ordinary Wit may govern Men, whom hopes and fears hold firm in their Stations.

I read some where, that Cardinal *Ximenes* had but ordinary Parts: I believe my Author was prejudic'd, but I dare affirm, that more wit is required to contrive and make an Engin, than to work it; and that which makes me conclude the Cardinal to be a great Wit, is, that he disposed many Springs, so as to move of themselves, rather than that he of himself wrought them so long.

In War and Treaties, experience is more useful, than Wit; and Mons' .... who had more Sence than Mons' .... could never outgo him in the way of Honour.

The

The Circumstances of Princes, at their entrance upon Government, often determins their Value and Preference. I doubt much whether if *Alexander* had been in *Cesars* place, he had done more than *Cesar?* or whether if *Charlemaine* had lived in these times, he had ever merited the Style of *Great.*

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15. *Spightful*

15. *Spightful and Satyrick Wit.*

SOme think Wit conſiſts in approving nothing, but turning all things into Ridicule. I was lately carryed by a Friend to viſit a Lady who paſſed for a Wit: and a Viſit of an hour that we ſtaid there, ſhe laugh'd at her Neighbours, her Relations, the Court, the War, and all human Kind, not ſparing me, even to my face. I never ſaw a more extraordinary Compoſition of a Wit: My Friend admired, and I was angry. *Madam*, ſaid I, *you are well Lodg'd here.* *Ay Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I have brave Neighbours. they live pleaſantly, are good-natur'd, and deny one another nothing.* I asked her

her *if there was any News from the Army; they say our Officers signalize themselves extraordinarily?* I asked her *if her Relations did not often Visit her; some of them I knew very honest Men? My Relations*, said she, *I believe they are no where known but at* Westminster-Hall. I reply'd, *I had seen them elsewhere, and heard divers speak very well of them. That's as much as to say*, said she, *you read the* Mercure-Galant; *for they can contrive to be commended no where else.* All her Discourse was of this Character, and I was never so tired by a wit of a Lady, as by her. Going out, my Friend turned and said, *we saw nothing, and if I had put her upon other Subjects, she had sparkled at another rate.* He was in earnest, being of opinion, that wit did not subsist without malice. There are abundance that think the same; and that is

it which ſpoils all our moderate Wits.

Leſs of wit will ſerve, joined with ill-natnre, than with good; and whereever malice reigns, the heart will furniſh Expreſſions. An ordinary wit, ſuſtained by ill-nature, ſhall ſparkle with the beſt; but where good nature prevails, there is need of a World of wit to avoid giving offence. I never yet ſaw that Perſon, who ſpeaking well of every one, had wit enough always to oblige. It is not impoſſible to be done, I grant it, but one would ſcarce endure the fatigue of endeavouring to pleaſe that way, Madam *D. S.* expreſſed herſelf always ſo nicely, that I am aſſured, meaning well, ſhe had ſhewed no leſs wit; but pure ill-nature, would not allow her to take that ſide.

Some

Some Perſons are ordinarily marked out as models of Wit, but take from them all that's Satyrical, Railing or Rallying, and you ſhall find no wit left at bottom; they are acceptable, becauſe they ever expoſe ſomewhat aukward and ridiculous in every thing: and yet that aukward and ridiculous, is much eaſier to diſcover, than what is commendable. Small ſagacity ſerves to find out in mankind what's amiſs; they have little of good among them; do but open your Eyes, and you muſt needs diſcern a world of diſagreeable and ridiculous Paſſages. I think there needs much more wit to find out any wiſe ones; for thoſe are more rare and lie concealed.

One who talks maliciouſly, muſt needs paſs for a Wit, becauſe all Men are propens to be of his mind,

mind, and to believe what he ſays. It is not the ſubtilty and exactneſs of what he ſpeaks, but rather the ill-nature of them that hear, which gives the Character of Wit. They help out his fancy by the evil they themſelves think; if a ſpightful Word eſcapes, they imagine all the evil it can import, and ſo make it ſignificant. Thus the wit of the Hearers contributes to credit the Speaker, as if it were his own. But then we ought not to account them witty, that ſtand upon other Men's Fancies, no more than we account a man Rich, or Liberal, who ſcatters other Men's Money. Malicious People do not paſs for Wits, for ſaying things not before in other Men's Minds, but the contrary; which in my opinion, is no ſign of much wit.

I know

I know not why then we ſhould ſo much applaud theſe ſharp and ſatyrick Humours: It is perhaps, becauſe they give us an opportunity to rejoyce at their coſt, and without our own interpoſing: They know it is acceptable, to be a means of others enjoying the pleaſure of laughing at their Neighbours, while they only abide all the conſequences and hazards.

A man is accounted Witty, not ſo much for ſpeaking ill of his Neighbour, as for expoſing ſomewhat ill, which lay concealed under the good, he valued himſelf upon. One who hath no other deſign then that, is not to be accounted ill-natured, or Satyrical, becauſe he offends none, and informs every one.

It is

It is impoſſible but we ſhall find moſt lively Portraits in any Author, who propoſeth to reprove Men's Vices; but we ought not for that reaſon to conclude, the Author intended an attack upon any one in particular. We ought to behave our ſelves with regard to ſuch pieces, as every day we do in common Converſation; for Men ſhall, however careful, let ſlip ſomewhat, which being obſerved, may give offence. But ſuch as underſtand to live, will not take notice. While we are in Company, there is a reciprocal Confidence a-foot among us, wherein we repoſe our candid Intentions; and none but troubleſome Fools interpret all things literally. And in that Claſs do we put thoſe who pretend to diſcover the Intention of an Author, that writes in the way of

Morality, or Correction; making him say all that they fancy he intended. Men have no Jurisdiction of Hearts, that is reserved wholly to God Almighty.

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16. *The*

16. *The Manners of Women.*

TWO Ladies hap'ned to be in a Company where a Gentleman was mentioned, who was esteemed a Person well deserving, and much in the favour of the Ladies: One of them said, *if he should Court me all days of his Life, he would but lose his time. For my part,* said the other, *if he Courted me, I would never tell him he was to despair of success.* Her Sence was more just, and she perhaps the more Virtuous of the two.

It is ridiculous for a Woman to pretend, that she is not subject to a weakness, born with her,

and nurs'd up by Idleneſs, and Self-Conceit.

There is no Woman that would not be Loved; and for that reaſon, every Woman is Loved.

A Woman doth not always love thoſe that Court her, but her hate is never ſo great, as ſhe thinks the love of her is. A Womans Reſolutions are not proof againſt the Perſeverances of a Man that is earneſtly in Love. All Women affect to ſeem Auſtere, but none are ſo to that pitch as they ſhould be.

Nothing can render Women virtuous, who are not ſo diſpoſed by temper of Nature, but avoiding all occaſion of the contrary.

And this natural Temper, is but an indifferent Guardian of Virtue,

Virtue, and not much to be relied on. Complaiſance will yield what Temper denies; and when complaiſance renders, temper will not hold out, they yield by meer over-doing.

When any one in that affair changeth her temper, it goes farther than in any other; the victory ſo Diſputed, is more abſolute and ſecure, than when it is carried on the firſt attack.

More Gallantries are owing to Vanity, than either to Debauch, or Pleaſure. We ſhould not love any one, if we had not a mighty fanſie for our ſelves.

Some Women are ſo dexterous as by a double Gallantry, to ſatisfie both their Vanity and Love of Pleaſure; but if they are put to chooſe, Vanity would carry it.

Women by that are more violently Charmed than Men are.

Vanity is a Paſſion that always Domineers in Women, but not always in Men.

A Miſs thinks to hide the ſhame of her Amour, by carrying it to the greateſt height: So ſoon as ſhe thinks nothing is wanting to the fury of her Paſſion, ſhe is fond without bluſhing. When ſhe fanſies, that in her Letters ſhe hath expreſſed herſelf with more wit and paſſion, than any other, then her Vanity engageth her to Glory in them. Had it not been for this extravagant Vanity, many of the Letters that ordinarily go about, had not come abroad, and thoſe hideous Miſteries had lain buried in ſilence, and abundance of Juvenile Wits, had not been corrupted, by ſuch impure Diſcoveries, as a Woman in her

her Paſſion, makes of her inteſtine Diſorders.

A Lovers ſucceſs with a Miſs, is oftner hindred than advanced, by Quality, and deſert of her: Such as do not content the Vanity, create leſs languiſhing, and ſhall rather make her turn Saint.

There is ſcarce a Woman ſo given to intriegue, but if her Honor and Intereſt require, ſhall become Virtuous.

A Virtuous Woman hardly ever forgets the Favours which ſome have obtained of her, and a Miſs hardly ever remembers them.

Every thing that feeds Vanity, is welcome to a Lady of Pleaſure; the moſt ſhameleſs Lewdneſs is her Glory, provided ſomewhat goeth along that ſignalizeth her Value.

As nothing is ſo Faithful as a Virtuous Woman, ſo nothing is ſo Perfidious as a Lady of Pleaſure.

There is no more reaſon to rely upon the pretended Preferences from ſuch a Lady, than on the word of Tradeſmen; who after all their promiſes, to lay by for you the piece of Stuff you choſe, ſhall certainly part with it, to any one who offers more.

It is not long ſince one complained to me, that his Miſtreſs was falſe to his Bed; and talk'd of nothing leſs than ſtabbing her to the Heart. And, in reality, he had been moſt perfidious to her: He that never had been true, would aſſaſſin his Miſs for one falſe ſtep.

That

That ſort of Injuſtice, is always found on the ſide of Lovers, and Husbands; they think it their Prerogative, to be falſe, and will never excuſe in their Miſſes, or Wives, the faults, of which they themſelves are Examples.

Their diſtruſt and jealouſie, are not ſufficient to make a Woman virtuous, but only to make her carry her Intriegues more private, the only way to make a Woman Virtuous, is the Confidence and Virtue of her Husband.

The firſt care of Lovers, is to deceive their Miſtreſſes, and then to make ſure, that they are not deceived by them.

A value is the only cement, that can preſerve Unity between Lovers, and Married People; Love ſhall often diſunite them.

The cauſe of Love is but temporary, but that of Value is perpetual.

The expreſſing too much of Love to a Woman, doth rather embarraſs than pleaſe her. To be much in Love, is not always a ſecure way of being beloved. And often wheremoſt of Love is expreſſed, there is the leaſt really found.

The Marquis of .... hath really more Wit than any, and yet, tho paſſionately in Love, could not engage the Affections of the Counteſs of .... The obſtacle was, his too much ſincerity; he might have ſucceeded better, had he been as arrant a Cheat, as the Counteſs.

One that is not really in Love, gains ground in Womens Affections more effectually, than ſuch

as

as are ſo. For pleaſing is an art, which to ſucceed, muſt be practiſed in cool Blood, and with diſcretion: Paſſion diſturbs both, and will not be reſtrained by the preſcripts of that. If a man loves only virtuous Women, or if thoſe he loves, love him alſo, there needs no art to pleaſe.

A knowing Perſon once maintained, that Wit was a great Ingredient in Amour; and a Courtier then preſent, affirmed, on the other ſide, that it did more hurt than good.

Lovers are ſtrangely barren in their proceedings; they would be Loved, and exact all imaginable proofs of it; they are never content, ſo long as any thing remains to be farther deſired, and yet are leſs content, after they have nothing left to wiſh.

Love

Love deſtroys it ſelf; after enjoyment of what is deſired, no more guſt remains.

When a man takes pains to evince that he loves, it is but labouring to loſe ground; for when no doubt remains, love it ſelf is troubleſome: He that can ſay, *ſuch a Lady loves me*, hath had leſs trouble with her, than another.

One may reſiſt the pleaſure of Loving, but not that of being beloved.

The love which another hath of you, makes you take more ſteps, than that which you have for another.

To think that Love is a proof a man deſerves it, is an univerſal Error. If you bring all the Beloveds

loveds to the *Scale*, you will find the number of Fools, outweigh that of the reaſonable Men.

A Lady that's Handſome, often miſſeth to pleaſe, becauſe, in her opinion, ſhe is ſecure of doing it.

Beauty ſerves but at firſt ſight; there is ſcarce a Woman ſo plain, but if ſhe make herſelf beloved, ſhall be thought handſome.

Beauty hath greater diſadvantage than plainneſs, by being expoſed.

Railing at Women, and boaſting of their Favours, are derived from the ſame Root; but both one and other are ſigns of ſmall ſucceſſes with them; but of the two, the bragging of ſucceſs is a ſign of the moſt diſappointment.

A Miſs never truſts any one with her Secret, but repents it, and is not quiet until ſhe hath made him that knows it, ſuffer as much as ſhe doth, for telling it.

I knew one who very odly diſcovered her private Intriegue to her Lover, who never thought of any ſuch thing. Its certain, that in ſpight of all his Diſcretion, he could be no longer a Lover. She could not but believe, that ſo much of her Intriegue as from her looſe Carriage People did but gueſs at, was diſcloſed by him.

It is very dangerous to truſt a Secret, and more dangerous to be truſted with one; the way to get the Eſteem of a Lady of Pleaſure, is to make her believe we know nothing; they cannot be convinc'd,

its

its possible for a Man to know, and love.

No Woman that ever was talked of, believed herself so much the Discourse as really she was. Madam *D*.... who was every day alone with *C*.... at the farther end of her Appartment till 2 in the Morning, fancies none speaks of her Intriegue, although her own Servants sat Railing and Cursing at it in her Kitchen.

A Lady shall not be esteemed very Virtuous, that is alone with a Gentleman, while her Servants sit up, and are waking.

All Romances seem calculated to exalt the Glory of Love; but in truth, no Books whatever on that Subject represent Amours, in a manner

a manner, more acceptionable, than thoſe do. I would wiſh no better cure, for a man of Underſtanding in Love, than to preſent before him the ridiculous Characters in Romances, even up to the Heroes of Antiquity. I cannot avoid being angry, when I read of ſuch Heroes as *Pharamond* and *Orondates*. And ſure our Age hath a very depraved Palat, to be pleaſed at Plays. Where a Conqueror, that ſhould be fighting, is engaged in tender Dialogues with his Miſtreſs; or ſome Savage being Jealous of his Wench, amuzeth his time away, while the Enemy is at his Crupper.

Mens complaiſance, and Womens Vanities, are the ſubſtance of Romances.

Thoſe ſort of Books inſult moſt injuriouſly,

injuriouſly, no leſs Hiſtory, than common Sence. I know no reaſon why ſuch ſhould be ſuffered to come abroad, that equally deprave Nature it ſelf, and Hiſtory, and wherein Virtue is worſe treated than either.

Moſt Romances aim to repreſent great Virtue, joined with great Paſſion; but as they handle the matter, one cannot find out, either the Virtue, or that Paſſion; they for the ſake of expreſſing fine things, confound both. And to create wonderful Events, they make Women, as much of the World as they are, perform Actions more Heroick than the greateſt Saints ever did. They give them a force of Acting in a perpetual Paſſion, which is not to be obtained without Faſting, and Prayer. One may juſtly affirm, that ſuch as ſtudy by theſe Models,

dels, will never become Virtuous. And however in Romances they exalt Virtue, as high as Paſſion, yet the latter only ſhall be learnt from them.

17. *RELIGION.*

7. *RELIGION.*

SOme have no Religion, others ſome, but underſtand nothing of it: The former are but few, the others are innumerable.

If there be any Men wholly devoid of Religion, they are ſuch as by violent Paſſion, or elſe by continual Debauch, are made incapable of Thinking, with ſuch Application as would convince them of Religious Truths. It is no wonder, that a Man in Drink, ſhould do, ſay, and think extravagantly: I wonder as little, that a man always intoxicated with Ambition and Pleaſure, ſhould join in Extravagancies, ſuch as theirs are, who own no Religion.

The

The Count *D*.... during all his Life, went for a real Atheiſt, but at his Death he owned his Religion; the Drunken fit was over, and his Sences recovered their poſt.

If ever any Perſon, after a wicked Life, dyed ſedately and perſiſting in his Atheiſtical Opinions, it was becauſe the Drunken fit laſted ſo long. It may be, that having been intoxicated with Pleaſure, he became at that time fox'd with a falſe Honour, not to give his own ſelf the Lye. Nothing is ſo ridiculous, as that pretended Honour; it is juſt as if a Man ſhould Glory in being always Drunk.

Such Glory as Men fancy to themſelves, in profeſſing Atheiſm, hath no better ground, than the honour

honour of being thought without Common Juſtice, and Honeſty.

The Principles of thoſe Virtues are ſhallower rooted in us, than the Principles of Religion.

Some are by Nature knaves and injuſt, but none are naturally Atheiſts.

If a Man ſhould come to me, and ſay, *I have no Religion*; I ſhall give him but ſmall Credit, when he ſays, *he is no Knave.*

If a man can ſtifle Religion in his Heart, he will much eaſier ſtifle there all manner of Virtue.

The reaſon why Men fancy a ſort of credit, in profeſſing Atheiſme, and that is a ſign of ſtrong Parts, is only a propenſity ſuch have, to admire every thing that launceth out beyond the Vulgar.

The

The more frequent it is, to have Religion, the more extraordinary a Perſon ſeems, who profeſſeth to have none. One may, with as much reaſon, admire a Savage, and make a mighty Wit of him, becauſe he expreſſeth himſelf after the Dictates of rude Nature; for it is not common, for Men to do ſo.

Were I mad enough to admire a Man, that ſays, *there is no God*; why ſhould not I be fond of him who ſays, *it is Lawful for a Man to cut his Fathers Throat?* the one doth not believe, and the other doth not think like other Men; and admiring the one, I ſhould no leſs admire the other; and if I deteſt one, as cruel and unnatural, I ought alſo to abominate the other, for his Irreligion.

The reaſon why Men abominate a Parricide, leſs than an A-

theiſt

theiſt is, becauſe they have not that reaſon to wiſh their Fathers Dead, as they have, to wiſh there were no God.

Nothing jumps with Men's Paſſions like Atheiſm; and they feeling a certain convenience from it, do the leſs deteſt it. And ſo it is in all other inſtances.

When Vice is ſubſervient to Men's Ends, they ſoon grow acquainted with it.

The greateſt Compendium in gratifying the Paſſions, is to ſhake off all Religion; and ſo alſo in ſhaking off Religion, to gratifie the Paſſions; when a man ventures in either of theſe Tracks, he advances farther, than he is awar off. To pretend to any Morality, without Religion, or to Religion, without Morality, is equal folly.

There

There are few, who lean upon their own Judgments, in taking the part of being Atheists; but they rest the whole matter upon others.

I knew a Lady, who from much Devotion, changed, and become an arrant Atheist. When she was asked, why she had abandoned her Religion; she had the face to answer, it was because she had an Intriegue with *V*... who was of good Sence and much Esteemed.

The Gallant of that Character, did not by arguing pervert her, but he did it wholly by his Example. One cannot believe, that a man can pass from actual Sin, to the holy Altar, and have any Religion. If Atheisme ever gains among Women, or the Common People, it is occasioned wholly by the

the example of ſome impious Men.

When Men openly profeſs Atheiſme, the Prince ought to puniſh them as ſeverely (at leaſt) as Duelliſts. The difficulty of Conviction, is the reaſon why many are let paſs, tho they are reputed Atheiſts. A mere Debauchee talks ſo like one of them, that one would think Atheiſme were but a Debauch. And farther than that, to be without Religion is a task ſo hard, that it is not to be imagined, any one ever went ſo far.

It is difficult to puniſh Atheiſme when Debauchery is let paſs.

A poor Friendleſs Wretch, is often puniſh'd for an Atheiſt, who is only a Debauchee; and at the ſame time, a Man of Quality and

Power, tho an arrant Atheiſt, is reputed but a Debauchee.

It is a comfort, that in this Age Men are come off a falſe conceit, which occaſioned them to ſtile Atheiſts Men of ſtrong Parts; that mode is well laid aſide, ſo that Religion is not out of Faſhion; but yet we have reaſon to fear, that Religion is Profeſſed without much Thought, or Care to underſtand it.

Thoſe of a Sect, almoſt always accuſe thoſe of oppoſite Sects, that they do not underſtand their Religion.

That every day eminent and learned Preachers, value themſelves above ſome others, upon better Judgment in Religion, is in ſuch true; but I cannot give an account for what reaſon they do

do ſo. It is a certain ſign that there are ſome Eminent, and Learned Preachers, that know little of Religion.

That which makes Men know ſo little of their Religion, is, they do not apply to the ſtudy of it, in good earneſt; ſome not at all, others with deſign only to fortifie their prejudices.

A *Janſeniſt* ſtudies St. *Auſtin*, and finds him a *Janſeniſt*; another the contrary; they read not to know his Mind, but to make him of their Party; we would not be of St. *Auſtin*'s Opinion, but would have him of ours.

Men are leſs ignorant of Principles, than they are of Concluſions in Religion. All Men know well enough in the general, the ſacred Rules, but forget them, in the application to practiſe, as they ought.

Blindneſs as to Concluſions, many times creates a Blindneſs even as to Principles

A Woman ſhall not viſit her Enemies, and being preſt, ſhall ſay, ſhe is not obliged to do it.

In this reſpect, moſt Writers on Religious Subjects, have been a means more of Ignorance than of Inſtruction. I will not ſay whether the School diſtinctions have occaſioned more Light or obſcurity.

I know a man ſpent his whole Life in ſtudying *Caſuiſts*, and never decided one Caſe of Conſcience right. I knew another, who never looks upon a Caſuiſt, and ſeldom was in the wrong.

A good Judgment, is better than all the Caſuiſts, and he that hath it, will be unprejudic'd, and applying

plying himſelf, ſhall infallibly attain the knowledge of his Religion.

A man without prejudice in his Opinion, and Corruption in his Will, ſhall never want ſence enough to diſtinguiſh between true and falſe: and when Men are wildred in Religion, we ought not to aſcribe it to want of Sence, but to Prejudice and Libertiniſme.

18. *Pretenders to Sanctity.*

IT's a fine thing to preach up Piety, but very few would take to it, if in the exerciſe of it ſomewhat more than pure Piety, were not to be met with.

Old Age, the Court, bad Husbands, bad Friends, Adverſity, and Vain Glory, makes more profeſs Sanctity, than all the Preachers; but of theſe, vain Glory doth leaſt, few if any begin their Profeſſion from that motive only; there is ſome other deſign, but that ſhall make them continue it. Many people would ſtart from their profeſſion, were they not held cloſe to it by vain Glory.

There

There is no better Sanctuary to be found againſt the changes which Age and Ill-fortune makes, than Piety.

When Men have loſt all that's agreeable to them in the World, and ſo retire to a pious courſe of Life, it is done to cover, more than to repair the loſs.

Profeſſing Piety, often reſtores more than the loſs. Before *C*.... profeſſed Sanctity, ſhe was cryed down only by ordinary Cits, but now ſhe hath acceſs to Ladys of the beſt Quality, and is reſpected. We ſee her in *D*---'s Coach, where ſhe never was before; and ſhe is admitted to hold the Napkin to Princeſſes, when they miniſter to poor People.

It is a common thing for Perſons raiſed by Fortune, to look

askew upon their Relations, and to be aſhamed of their Families. And this ſort of pride takes more with the fam'd profeſſors of Sanctity, than with any other ſort of People. *C.*... after her Converſion, would needs be called *Madam*, and and all her Relations were ſtrangers to her. Before this, ſhe was but *Madamoiſelle*, and uſed to go every year to her Uncles, a Shopkeeper in St. *Denis ſtreet*, to choſe K. and Queen; but now theſe City Diverſions are too light for a pious Chriſtian to uſe; and ſhe is invited only to Hoſpitals, and Meetings, and the Charity-Meetings, celebrated at Madam D--ſs of..... which in her opinion are more Chriſtian-like; but ſhe had not come there, were it to meet only ſuch Cits as herſelf. This Quality is a Conſolation which Sanctity cannot decline; ſuch goodneſs pines to nothing, when it falls only among the vulgar,

gan, the Nobility gives it a much greater Esteem.

In our time, the professors of Piety, find ways to practise all the delicacies of the Prophane; they quit all gaiety, 'tis true, and affect the plainest Colours; all lustre, as well in Furniture, as Cloaths, is laid aside; but yet their cost shall be as great; for the gray Cloth shall be as dear as if it were Damask or Broccade.

A professor of Sanctity, values himself upon keeping a nice and exquisite Table; and tho, in the way of intemperance, they do not exceed, yet in the way of Delicacy, they do it very much.

It is common, after the King's Table is served, to find the earliest green Pease at one of these Professors, and once at Madam *de*

P.... I eat them before the Court was ſerved.

Whatever gift of Prayer theſe profeſſors of Sanctity may have, ſure they ought to practiſe it in ſome private place; but they uſe the prettieſt Room, and that which they are moſt apt to ſhew in the whole Houſe. They have ſmall Conſolation in Prayer, if the Pictures in the Room are of mean price. There is not one of them, who doth not ſhew her Cloſet, with as much Eloquence, and Obſervation of every Picture there, as he that ſhews the Treaſures at St. *Denis*.

It was a pious Zeal, that firſt introduc'd the Cuſtom of ſetting out Cloſets, and Chappels, with Sentences out of *Scripture* and the Fathers; but now Vanity and Impertinence have far exceeded that Cuſtom.

If

If one would make ſure, that a Religious Truth ſhall be accepted, let it be wrote in gold Characters, or graved on a precious Stone. No Truth like that which adorns a Cloſet: If one hath a rich Crucifix, they ſhew it as a Curioſity which coſt 200 Piſtols, little thinking all that while of our Saviour's Paſſion.

Moſt people treat Piety, as the World treats Love and Friendſhip, Men expect from their well-willers, to be hearty and true; God requires of ſuch as profeſs Piety, the ſame. There are in the World many well-willers, and Friends, who are liberal only in exterior offers of Service, and Aſſiſtance; and there are many profeſſors of Piety, who offer to God himſelf no better. Prejudice is in nothing more apparent, and yet

more

more hard to conquer, than in the cauſe of Piety.

Mr. *Speakwell*, and Mr. *Meanwell*, are two Gentlemen of my particular Acquaintance, the former paſſeth for a godly, and the other for an honeſt Man; both of theſe have had great Law-Suits, and not without Enemies: I Travelled with them both, and have convers'd enough to know their ſeveral Characters and Genius.

The difference I found between the godly and the honeſt Man, was this: the former was always intolerably uneaſie, about the ſucceſſes of his Law-Suit, the other expreſt little concern about his. Mr. *Speakwell* could never endure his Enemies, but Mr. *Meanwell* contented himſelf in deſpiſing them. The reputed godly Man could not bear common Inconveniences in his Journey; at the

Inns

Inns the Beds were unfit, the Meat not well Dreſt, but about the Rekoning his Wrangles and Debates were endleſs. But the reputed honeſt Man, contrary to him, was eaſie under all, and made no noiſe about the Rekonings; in a word, Mr. *Meanwell* was eaſily ſerved in his Family, and all his Domeſticks loved him: But *Speakwell* in his, was always fretting and brawling, and could ſcarce keep a Servant two days.

I Traveled alſo with two Ladies, one was a young Marquiſe of one of the beſt Families in *France*; the other was about 50, a Judges Widow, who would alſo be called Marquiſe, tho her Family was mean, and her Husbands Place but indifferent, yet, being Rich, her vanity, and the complacency of her Friends, had made her a Marquiſe, and ſhe was ordinarily ſo ſtyled.

I knew neither, but my Friend, who engaged me in the Journey, knew both very well.

We passed through the Country where the young Marques's Husband were Governour; all the Attendance, and Treats of the Country, was to her: the old Marquess was there only as a Friend, yet they were careful to interest her in all the Respects designed to the other. When we lighted from the Coach, at the first Town we came to, it being Summer, the young Marquise was invited to take a Walk; the elder, with a Vizage of Authority, said, she thought it was better to go to Church and hear Evening Prayer; the other reply'd, *you may go while I walk.* This answer disgusted the elder Marquise, but she dissembled and taking the way towards the Church, asked me to go with her.

her. This fit of Devotion ſeemed ill tim'd, but I was too complaiſant to refuſe, when it was alſo to hear Evening Prayers. So I went with her, and all the way as we went, ſhe vented her Spleen againſt the young Marquiſe, telling me a hundred malicious Stories of her, not ſparing her Virtue. I thought it odd, that a Lady ſo full of Zeal, in the way to Church, ſhould be ſo ſurrendred up to Railing.

At Prayers ſhe behaved herſelf devoutly enough, which done, we return'd, and found the young Marquiſe walking in a Garden; and before that Diverſion was over, I had means of converſing with her, and gave her occaſion to ſpeak of the elder Marquiſe; but ſhe ſaid nothing of her but what was well and clear of all Reflection. Then, thought I, the Lady that choſe Walking before going to

Church

Church, hath more of Worth in her, than ſhe that choſe going to Church.

I had frequent occaſion, during the Journey, to make the like judgment of them. The younger, who made no profeſſion of Piety, did not conſume above half an hour at her Toilet, and was always the firſt ready to walk into the Coach; the other ſpent at leaſt three hours, and always made us wait. The profeſſor painted red; the other not the leaſt tinct: the profeſſor muſt have a warm ſup for her Breakfaſt a-bed; the other not ſo much as thought of eating in a morning; and ſhe declined all Harangues of Reſpect and Honour, tho ſhe was a Commandreſs in the Country; but the elder, who was a mere Stranger, did not only go forward to meet them, but often complained ſhe had not enough.

If

If I must say, which of these two Marquises were the more Pious, I must infallibly pronounce for the younger.

But this is not at the rate the World judgeth; for the younger is accounted a Lady of the times, and the other is universally reputed Pious.

All these Failings which professors of Piety are addicted to, proceed more from the nature of their Understandings, than of their Wills, and we are not to conclude all of them Wicked; for the greater part are only cheated, but it is very difficult to set them right. I believe it is impossible to perswade *K*.... to sell his Coach and Pictures, and to have no itch after Commands, to visit his Relations, and not to carry his Children to be profest.

If

If I muſt declare what I think is beſt counſel that can be given to profeſſors of Piety, it is, that they never pretend to Goodneſs, until they are honeſt Men.

Moſt of theſe pretenders, make profeſſion of Piety without conſidering, or being informed what it is. They are the ſame as they were, only the profeſſion furniſheth new names for old Vices, and Paſſions; they account Repentance only a common reiners or regret at their paſt youth and pleaſures; they call that Converſion which is but change of Humour; they perſwade themſelves that they hate the World moſt piouſly, when it is only a ſecret Envy, becauſe the World hath forſaken them, they affect Retiredment, more to gain repoſe, and indulge themſelves, than to ſerve God: they flatter themſelves that they

ſubmit

ſubmit to the Will of Heaven, while they are addicted only to their own wills: they have a great joy in Mortification, but then it muſt be of their own chooſing: In a word, they mean by profeſſing much leſs the ſacryficing their own Wills, than they do the making a Trade of Sanctity.

But theſe falſe Profeſſors ought not to avert any Perſon of good Sence, from the exerciſe of true Piety. No more than falſe Braves ſhould diſcourage any man of Honour from taking up Arms. It were ridiculous for a Gentleman to decline the Army, becauſe many baſe Soldiers are there. So were it ridiculous for a Chriſtian, to decline Piety, becauſe many falſly profeſs it. And here it muſt be declared, that what is ſaid againſt the falſe, extends not to hurt true Piety, being levelled only

ly againſt croſs-grained Underſtandings, and obdurate Minds. Nor do we approve the liberty taken in Common-Playhouſes, to repreſent on the Stage ſuch falſe Profeſſors. It is not the Repreſentation which makes the object miſchievous, but the place where it is expoſed.

From the Character and Nature of the Theatre, we may reſolve the Queſtion often put; *is it Lawful to ſee Plays?* Do but reflect, that the Theatre with its appendages, certainly creates or revives in us, thoſe very Paſſions which the Goſpel commands us to mortifie and repreſs. The caſe is eaſie to determine: We meet at the Playhouſes a venom, which ſtifles even thoſe very Virtues which are even there recommended to us.

19. *Men of Virtue.*

NOne but God himſelf can tell, whether a man have true Virtue or not.

All the marks of Virtue are Equivocal; they ſhall ſerve to make a man paſs for one of true Virtue, without his having, in truth, one grain of it.

No man ought to eſteem even himſelf Virtuous, until he can in the exerciſe of it, forget all that Men may ſay or think of him.

A man with all his Virtues, can ſcarce purifie his mind, from reflecting on other peoples Cenſures; and

and for that reaſon, whatever our virtue is, we muſt confeſs it is but little.

Actions that ſeem moſt Heroick, are found ordinarily to have the leaſt of Virtue in them. Men are drawn into great Actions by a kind of luſtre that attends them.

A young Lady who ſets her Heart on the Splendor of all ſhe does, when firſt is a Nun profeſs'd, is ſufficiently paid for her renouncing the World. All her company agree to feed her Vanity, eſpecially the Nuns that Dreſs her. And her Relations at parting, ſay nothing to her leſs, than that ſhe doth a *moſt heroick Action.* But after ſhe is uſed to thoſe Flatteries, or ceaſeth to heed them, ſhe will, if ſhe have not a real Call, repent this heroick Action that ſo puft her.

I am perſwaded there are real holy Calls, and ſincere Minds, which determines ſome to be profeſs'd, who do it with a pure Virtue, and true Motive; but I am as well ſatisfied that leſs Virtue ſerves to renounce the World, than to perſevere in ſo doing.

Nothing better diſcovers the little Virtue which in truth is to be found among Men, than to obſerve, that Men of the moſt auſtere Virtue, think it neceſſary ſometime, to unbend themſelves, by uſing prophane Diverſions, ſome relaxation of Mind may be neceſſary, but inſtead of that, they often relate their very Profeſſions, and Virtue it ſelf. What would one think to ſee one of *Molier*'s Plays acted by diſguiſed Fryars in a Monaſtery? I cannot ſay it is Criminal, but it is, at the leaſt, a

ſign

ſign they hanker after the World which they have renounc'd.

No man can anſwer to himſelf, that he is a virtuous Perſon, until he have the Teſtimony of his own Conſcience for it. And even that ſometimes is doubtful; for Conſcience will wink and flatter it ſelf.

Men often miſtake that which is Humour, or (indeed) Vice, for the Teſtimony of a good Conſcience. A lazy and unactive Humour, keeps Men out of many Irregularities which require activity and earneſtneſs.

It is now a great while, ſince Men have thought one (I well know) to be a virtuous Perſon; and it is only becauſe he hath had neither wit to contrive, nor courage to act any thing that is ill.

I know another, who being a moſt lazy and inſenſible Creature, would not ſeek a revenge, tho it were no ſin ſo to do.

I knew another, who was accuſed of a Crime whereof he was innocent, and yet paſſed as guilty. He let himſelf be condemned, as being a quicker diſpatch than a tedious defence; the length and difficulty he foreſaw would happen, upon a juſtification, diſcouraged him; ſo that he had no heart to undertake it; but choſe rather to loſe his Reputation and be Fined, than have the trouble of attending the Judges, and making his innocence appear.

A right virtuous Man, is one who knows wherein true Virtue conſiſts, and doth in good earneſt labour to hold to it. He ſhall

not exceed that; and whatever progreſs he makes in the way of Virtue, ſome ſcape ſhall remain for farther advances. And the truth is, a man of real Virtue, is one who thinks he is not, but fain would be ſuch.

There are many who would not be taken for Devout Perſons, others who care not to be thought Virtuous, but there are none, who would not be thought Honeſt: And to ſpeak ſtrictly, none thus diſpoſed, are either Pious, Virtuous, or Honeſt. For whoever ſays honeſt, or pious, includes virtuous; and ſo far as a man is either, ſo far he is all the three.

A virtuous Man is pious, becauſe the firſt point of virtue is to Honour God. He muſt be honeſt, becauſe the ſecond point is *to love his Neighbour*. A pious Man is defined

defined one who honours God; and an honeſt Man, one who loves his Neighbour; and a virtuous Man doth both. Inſtead of aſcribing, as Men ordinarily do, more to Piety than to Virtue, I hold otherwiſe, that by ſaying a virtuous Man, more is underſtood, than by ſaying, pious Man. If the latter have any preminence, it only in outward ſhew, and grimace.

Modeſt Behaviour is a Virtue; therefore a virtuous Man is wholly careleſs of outward Shews, but he doth it not affectedly, becauſe all affectation is a fault.

It may be ſaid, judging after the common uſage of the World, that a pious Man (if I may uſe the expreſſion) is a virtuous Man dreſt *Alamode*; and a virtuous

Man is a pious Man, without any Dreſs at all.

Men are not valued by their Dreſs; and let pious, virtuous, and honeſt Men, apart, ſet what value they pleaſe upon themſelves, in Chriſtianity, they all three are but one and the ſame.

And if it be a miſtake, to ſay a man is pious or honeſt, it is no leſs ſo to ſay he is virtuous.

There is one, known to many of us, who paſſeth every where for a virtuous Man; and it is, becauſe out of a Principle of Conſcience he declined a great Office in the Government. In that, its plain, he was virtuous; but he hath not paid his Debts; he takes no care of his Family; I cannot ſay ſuch a man is Virtuous. The World, 'tis true, takes virtue to

move only from ſome particular inſtances of it.

Chaſtity alone is often ſufficient to denominate a man virtuous. If a man be a Defamer, corrupt Magiſtrate, bad Father, worſe Husband, *&c.* yet if he keeps his Church, and gives no Scandal, he ſhall paſs for a man of Virtue. Some blame St. *Alexis*, for leaving his Wife: if he had not done it by Divine Inſpiration, he had acted like one wicked, and beſide himſelf.

I know a Convent into which a man of the Gown retired, and went for the moſt pious Man in the World. When I heard it and was informed of the true Motive, I doubted much of his Virtue. He left his Wife, who is ſtill living, and without her conſent, he gave the Convent that Eſtate which

belonged to his Children, and forc'd them all to become profeſsd. Surely this was not a virtuous Man.

It is not enough to Characteriſe a man Virtuous, that he hath ſome Virtues, unleſs they are ſuch as God requires of every Man, in the ſtation wherein he hath placed him.

The virtues proper to a Father who hath a Family under his charge, ſeem ordinary; but thoſe of a Monk heroick: And Men let go ſuch common Virtues, to catch at ſuch as are accounted Heroick. And ſo the Father of the Family muſt needs leave all his worldly Concerns, and turn Monk; he is far from being a virtuous Perſon.

The

The ſplendor of ſome Virtues, engageth Men to court them; and for that reaſon, virtues are ſometimes in, and at others time out of Faſhion; for they have not the ſame laſtre in all times. The chief Devotion of our Forefathers were Pilgrimages, but that mode is out of date, and now retirment is all the faſhion; and moſt people incline that way: formerly Men would ſay, *that all who went on Pilgrimages were virtuous Men*: But now there is no ſign of Virtue like retiring from the World.

There is much virtue, in forbearing to practiſe ſome Virtues.

He that confines himſelf to the practice of ſuch Virtues as hit his Fortunes, how obſcure ſoever he be, is a much better Man, than

he who will joyn the virtues proper for other Men's Fortunes, to thoſe of his own.

The vain Glory of Virtue, can no more be ſated, than that of Learning. When a man pretends to Knowledge, he muſt know all things. So one that pretends to Virtue, thinks that there is none of which he is not to have a ſhare.

It hath pleaſed God to ſet all Men within certain limits, and ordinarily the greateſt a man can acquire, lies within that circle to which God hath confined him.

God hath preſcribed to ſome a Cloyſter, to others a Family, as the ſphere of their Virtues; if either goeth out, he is in danger to be wildered.

Moſt

Moſt Men, who ſucceed others in Religious Charges, imploy themſelves in making Reforms, which their predeceſſors never thought of. Whether Vanity or Zeal eats theſe Men, I do not determine.

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20. *Honeſt MEN.*

THere is no Character which Men acquire, more eaſie, and leſs deſerve, than that of honeſt Men. It is doubtful if there be a man in the World (judging rigorouſly); who may juſtly claim that Character. To be honeſt, includes all Duty, and I have not known any riſe to that Perfection.

All agree, a wrong doer cannot be an honeſt Man, and yet C.... paſſeth for the honeſteſt Man in all the Court, altho he lives as he doth, at the coſt of Tradeſmen, whom he never pays.

Should

Should I ſay, that *L*.... a man ſo well benefic'd as he is, were not an honeſt Man, I ſhould be cenſured by all; and yet this Man hath no leſs than 4 Abbeys, which he lets run all to Ruin for want of due Repairs.

Who ever yet thought, that *Cato* the young e was no honeſt Man? and after all, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be horribly Prejudic'd againſt *Ceſar*, and of that could never free himſelf. I know ſeveral *Cato's* in our time, who have their Enmities and Prejudices, and on that account only contrived that *P*.... loſt her Cauſe.

B... would not own his Relations, being aſhamed of his Family; he was no honeſt man.

Bar.....

Bar..... deceived *S.* who, thinking to make an Intereſt, asked his advice, and ſo was drawn into a ſnare. That was no honeſt Part.

Diogenes with his Lanthorn, could not find a Man. I fear, we with a world of Lanthorns, could ſcarce find one honeſt.

There is no honeſt Man, but he that is truly Virtuous, or at leaſt, the honeſt Man, who is Virtuous, hath more of honeſty than any other.

Of all diſhoneſt Perſons, Prieſts and Monks, when ſo, are the worſt.

Honeſty is a title which all Men confer on their Friends; a man no ſooner viſits, deals with, or is

obliged

obliged by another, but without more a-do, this latter is his honeſt Man.

There is not that knave, who is not ſomebodys honeſt Man.

I was lately in Company, where Mr. *D*.... was ſpoke of, ſo as I thought him a very ill Man; and the next day I was ſurprized with the news, that he was made ----, and to find alſo, that my Authors accounted him the honeſteſt Man upon Earth. Which of theſe ſhould one believe? perhaps both had reaſon.

It is enough to acquit a man in ſome Duties, to have a bare repute of being an honeſt Man.

It is one of the greateſt Infelicities in human Affairs, that Men are ſo eaſie to confer the title of honeſt

honeſt Man. While it is not refuſed to any, every one will think he deſerves it.

If there be any one Perſon, who can ſay of a man, *he is Honeſt*, that man will conclude, every one ought to account him the ſame. Men look on them who accuſe them of want of Honeſty, as Enemies, and ſtrait appeal to others. No man hath dealt diſhoneſtly with every man; and for that reaſon, all fancy they have witneſſes ready to prove them honeſt, which makes them not ſollicitous to be effectually ſo.

Thoſe Men who are effectually Honeſt, are ſo to all mankind.

As ſome Men abuſe the Profeſſion of Piety, ſo others abuſe the Character of Honeſty.

Some

Some are apt to account Men pious, if they have but a holy Grimace; and they call a man Honeſt, who hath only the outward Shew, and a way of Flattering agreeably.

One man loves to ſcatter his Money, and treats moſt munificently, he is ſurely an honeſt Man.

Another hath a good Humour, and is pleaſant in Company; there's alſo an honeſt Man.

It is well known, that *L.*... ſpent great ſums of Money that was not his own; and being made to account, it was found ſo vaſt a Sum, that even his Friends blamed his ill management: but yet Men continued to ſtyle him *honeſt Man.* For while he had the

the management of the Publick Moneys, he obliged every one; they forget that his profusion was in so doing. The manner of his committing faults, occasioned Men to excuse them.

A

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21. *Conscience and good Works.*

ALL Men may know the Voice of their own Consciences, the language of which is, of all kinds of utterance, most intelligible; and yet many perceive it not, but more make their Consciences say only what pleaseth them. I am sure when *C*.... pleaded the Cause of *D*.... he never listned to his Conscience; and I am as sure, *B*.... inspired her own Conscience, when under the Profession of Piety, she thought herself obliged to become the accuser of *S*.... for failings, which nothing but Calumny had imputed to him.

I can-

I cannot but ſmile as often as I hear *E*.... that wicked Judge, anſwer Suitors, *that he muſt act according to the Dictates of his Conſcience.* It had taken better with me, if he had ſaid, *he would do nothing that his Conſcience dictated*; for he had one ſo ſeared by injuſtice, that it was not like to dictate ought better. After he had ſentenced away the Reputation of *S*.... which he did for meer Revenge, he declared *that he acted Conſcientiouſly.*

There are ſome whoſe Conſciences are pliant to all their purpoſes, and others with whom it is Refractory, ſome Ladies of Pleaſure have always need of their Confeſſor. If they could not be confeſs'd, they would not continue ſo wicked, and are not at all Reformed by ſo doing: they ſeek not

not to eaſe their Conſciences, but to give them a Sop, to prevent their Barking. This blindneſs is unaccountable, and yet nothing more common than it is. Moſt ſcrupelous Profeſſors are of this nature, they give their Conſciences a Travellers Bait, but their Repentances are neither full, nor real.

When Men have not ſtrength to bear the reality of Repentance, they content themſelves with the image or form of it. Madam .... every year about *Eaſter* retires, and fails not to receive the *Holy Sacrament*. At *Holy Thurſday* the Marquis of *D*..... takes his leave of her; and upon *Low-Sunday* reſumes his Viſits. This is her Cuſtom, and ſhe cannot help it. If the Marquis would not allow her this ſhadow of Repentance, he would

would run a great risque of her Repenting in good earnest.

One would think, that after the rate Men live all the year, there were not a score Persons of Quality in the Nation, fit to keep *Easter* as they ought; and yet every one keeps it. But after all, St. *Germanes* Fair is no less frequented, the Playhouses no less filled; Law-Suits no less raging; Gaming no less obstinate; and Lewdness no less Universal. All jogg on in their way, till the holy Week comes, and then, however ill spent the year hath been, they think of Receiving. Either the Penitents abuse the Confessor, or they the Penitents; but I believe the Penitents are more deceived, than guilty of deceiving.

A Penitent

A Penitent, that before a tryal, assures his Confessor, he will amend his Life, may deceive him; but the Confessor deceives his Penitent yet more, if after that he looths him with hopes that he shall mend.

If Confessors, and Penitents, never met but upon account of Confession, there would be no deceit thereupon. I wonder not that *L*.... never reformed his Table, having often met his Confessor there at Dinner.

Bring the most mild, and the most severe Confessors to the same light, and they are one and the same. *L*.... famous for refusing Absolutions, gave it to the only Person whom he ought to have denyed.

Quality

Quality, of all things, is the greateſt ſweetner of a Confeſſor; they are afraid to ſpeak truth to great Men, altho ſuch come on purpoſe to hear it. A man muſt be wonderful Good, and bent upon maintaining his Repute of ſeverity, if he uſeth ſo much with great Men as they deſerve.

It is a cruel piece of vain Glory, to ſeek a Reputation of a good Man, at the coſt of a Sinner; but it is an impious one, to be ſevere with them, only to acquire a Reputation.

If Abſolution were neceſſary only to Amendment of Life, no Sinner would fail. For there are more who give than it refuſe. *K*..... refuſed Abſolution, and *P*..... out of ſpight to him, gave it.

There

There are few Men ſo uncivil, to keep an account of Abſolutions granted, or denyed them, out of wilfulneſs; but it is amazing, that any Confeſſor ſhould be ſo ſtupid, to do either on ſuch an account.

Thoſe Teachers who violate Duty, either in the way of Severity, or of Conceſſion, are equally unprofitable to Sinners, but the ſevere gain moſt Reputation.

No Perſons uphold ſevere Opinions in the World, more than ſuch as will not reform their Lives. It is ſtrangely raviſhing in Confeſſions, to contemplate a rigour, ſuch as ſurmount our power honeſtly to diſpence with.

There cannot be too much rigour in Confeſſions, except ſuch only as moves from the Humour or

or Wilfulneſs of the Confeſſor. All ſeverity is good, and indeed neceſſary. I may ſay of a Confeſſor, as an Author of ours ſays of a Preacher:

When he is real, he is moſt ſevere;

A Goſpel Life is ever moſt auſtere.

In *Paris* every month there is a Shew, the moſt unaccountable of any to be found in Chriſtendom. Some Ladies of Quality, have formed a Society for meeting at each others Houſes, to collect for Poor, that are modeſt and Priſoners. She whoſe turn it is to have this good Work at her Houſe, buſtles about and invites ſuch as are thought beſt qualified. The Ceremony begins with a ſtately Dinner, at which the Preacher is not wanted; the Service

is

is to the height of Delivery. After Dinner the Company retires to a Withdrawing-Room richly furniſht: And there the Viſits of all comers, in their richeſt Habits, are received. The Court and Street are cram'd with Coaches; and many one that ſees this goodly Aſſembly, would conclude it was a Ball. The Preacher comes in and makes an Exhortation againſt Luxury and Superfluity, altho he had his ſhare of it. All the Company are attentive, his preachment being ſhort; and then ſome Alms are Collected: How liberal they are I know not, nor whether the Company is much Edified by a Sermon preached in poſt-haſt, to an Aſſembly little better than Prophane. The truth is, the Lady Regnant, by the oſtentation of ſo much rich Furniture, doth herſelf the honour of declaring how

much she detains wrongfully from the poor, for whose sake she caused this very Preachment to be made. When I find the Sermon hath so good effect, that after it is done, every one present shall send away all superfluous Ornaments and Furniture, to the Poor. I shall think these Assemblies a most pious Institution.

There was a man, in whose hands a mild Casuist found at least Ten Thousand Crowns belonging to the Poor, and he thought himself very charitable in giving a Pistole.

Vain Glory is a great Almesgiver, but is also a greater Debtor to the Poor. The late Duchess of ..... with much ostentation, distributed *Hastel-dieu*, a bag of 1000 Franks, and at the same time sent three bags, no less the Poors Money

Money than the other, to *Haſtel* ..... where ſhe uſed to Game.

Embroiderers and Lacemen, are ſeldom paid but with mony injuſtly detained from Servants and poor People.

The choice of Perſons to beg in Churches and Pariſhes for the Poor, ſheweth how little care is taken that charity ſhould be ſincere and chriſtian. They apply the ſame forces to bring in Alms, as are uſed to attack Innocence and Virtue; the youngeſt and moſt apt to inſpire Love, are thought the fitteſt to beg for Alms, and the beſt people ſend them. A Lady of Quality, and profeſſor of Sanctity, lately would not let her Daughter beg, becauſe ſhe was not well dreſs'd, nor handſom enough.

I doubt the Poor have ſmall comfort by theſe ſort of Alms; but ſure I am, neither Beggars nor Givers have them much in their thoughts.

It is a ſtrange Extravagance, to invite Charity, by hanging out Beauty and Luxury for Signs.

Stupidity of Conſcience, is in nothing more ſpread than in Hatred, *L*.... will not endure the ſight of her own Daughter, or any Relation, and yet Communicated all the eight days of *Eaſter*. The Monk *D*.... each day exerciſed on himſelf a bloody Diſciplin, and at the ſame time fomented a conſpiracy of the whole Society againſt their lawful Superiour. And Madam ..... who goes to moſt Churches in *Paris*, paſſing by the Church of St. ---- ſhut her

her Coach Curtains, that ſhe may not ſee ſo much as the Porch of it. She was not at that Pariſh in all *Lent*, becauſe the Preacher was of an Order ſhe hated.

There is really little difference betwcen thoſe who juſtifie their ill doing, and thoſe that own what they do to be ill. In my opinion, he that owns his Sins and never thinks of Repentance, is farther out of the way of Salvation, than he who blindly thinks he hath done nothing ill, to be repented of. Hence we may infer the guilt we contract by deferring Repentance. *F....* trembles at all the Sermons ſhe hears, and engageth that after one twenty years more, ſhe will alter her courſe of Life. She is now 60, and yet nothing is done; ſhe defers it to her old Age, and from thence to the day of her death, its to be fea-

red ſhe will die worſe than her word.

If one conſiders what Men ſay, and think, it will be found, that Men have no hopes ſtronger than thoſe of their Salvation; and yet they apply leſs to obtain Salvation than any other thing they hope for. The hopes of Salvation, are of a ſort ſo different from all other hopes, that no man thinks fit to bear himſelf with regard to them, as he doth with regard to others. Men ſmile at any one, who takes no more pains to get a good Place, than he doth to be Eternally ſaved.

All agree that ſomewhat is neceſſary to be done, in order to Salvation; but 'tis difficult to bring them to an agreement, what that is; and more difficult, when agreed, to do it.

Of

Of all our Saviours Denunciations, Men are leaſt convinc'd of this; *few ſhall enter into Salvation*, and yet none are more convincing; if our Saviour had omitted this, each man, through his own carriage, might diſcern manifeſt proofs of this terrible Truth.

There are not many who enter upon the proceſs of their Salvation, and of thoſe, not a few are wildered in it.

When we do advance ſo as to enter upon the ways of eternal Health, how hard is it to deveſt our ſelves of Vanity? we would go forward, but with a ſort of preeminence, and ſo leave the direct road, for By-paths. But of them, ſuch as Vanity points to, never lead to the Journeys end, Salvation. *B*.... began well,

ſcarce ever pray'd but in our Saviours Form, at leaſt her Prayers were built upon that. She uſed herſelf to meditate only on her Sins, and the amendment of her Life. She went conſtantly to her Pariſh-Church, and was content with the direction of one good Monk, or the Pariſh-Prieſt, whom God had appointed to be her Paſtor. She was conſtant in Alms-Deeds, and often viſited the Poor. In other reſpects retired, imploying herſelf in the Cares of her Family. And thus ſhe advanced towards Heaven. But now of late ſome have ſhewed her ways more Spiritually ſublime, and ſhe will need move in them, altho ſhe hath no Call that way. And now ſhe hath at leaſt 30 Volums of various Prayers, and cannot conform to the Lords Prayer; ſo ordinary doth that divine Form ſeem to her. She hath left meditating on

her

her own Frailties, and is taken up wholly with Contemplation of the Divine Attributes. Her Place at Church is free for others; she comes no more there, but every morning repairs to the Church of ---- where a famous Confessor hath allured her. And every Afternoon she spends in holy Conferences with, or visiting some illustrious Professors of Sanctity. Hr Children and Family are left to take care of themselves, they know little of her, except her impatience and peevish Humours. *God give her Grace to return to her former ways.*

22. *Sincere Speaking.*

I Know a man of Quality, by Profeſſion a Divine, who tormented me at leaſt ſix Months, to induce me to ſay what I thought of him. I told him at laſt, *that he had a world of Wit, and much Learning, but for his Preaching, I thought he would do well to leave it off; or elſe perform it more Apoſtolically, and with more of Chriſtianity.* From that time the Man was my Enemy.

All Men ſay, they would have a Friend be ſincere with them, and yet none can bear with ſuch a one; they dread that very ſincerity

ſincerity which they require in their Friends, and love the Flattery for which they blame them.

The ſaying to a Friend, *be ſincere and ſpare me not*, means in reality, that he ſhould ſpare and deceive you. We would have our Friends flatter, and be ſincere, all at once, but of the two, chooſe the flattery, rather than the ſincerity.

The moſt exquiſite pitch of Vanity, is to compaſs the praiſes of ſuch as are accounted ſincere. We require ſincerity in our Friends, only to give a better reliſh to their Flattery.

It is a ſtrange misfortune in humanity, that no one can juſtly know what other Men ſay of him. Sincerity is hated, and Flattery ſuſpected; Men always pardon the

the flattery, but never excuſe the ſincerity.

Sincerity is dangerous, with reſpect to all Men. It is folly with Women, and with Men in Power criminal.

There are ſome, who will own ſincerely their Failings, but none will allow others to charge them.

Mr. *D. G.*... ſpeaking of himſelf, uſed to ſay, *that he was the moſt aukward Perſon in the whole Court*; but yet never forgave *B*, that in Verſes for Muſick toucht upon his bad mien.

I had once a Friend, who was very much awry, but was withal a gallant Gentleman, and as ready to Rally as the beſt; but happening at a meeting of Gentlemen, to be plac'd next to one as crooked as

ed as himſelf, took great offence becauſe the Company ſmiled to ſee that chance had put together a pair moſt miſhapen of the whole company.

It is ordinary to obſerve, that a ſincerity which ſome Men uſe in ſpeaking of their own Failings, is but an artifice to prevent others falling foul on them.

If it be dangerous to be ſincere when you are charged to be ſo, it is much more dangerous when no body deſires it

G... hath a way, on pretence of ſincere Speaking, to ſlander all Mankind.

Some value themſelves for ſpeaking out plain all they think; their Quality may oblige us to connive, but nothing can engage us not to hate them.

It

It is ſtrange that great Men, who reſent ill Truths ſpoke of themſelves, yet think they have a title to ſpeak Truth of all Men to their Faces. Both which are derived from the ſame Root. They love no Truths which humble them, but ſpeak Truths on purpoſe to humble others.

The wounds which great Men's ſincerity inflicts, are mortal; but ſuch as ſincerity inflicts on them, ſmart more.

A free Speaker hath a ſure means always at command, to be revenged on any great Man.

The wounds which ſincerity inflicts, can never be perfectly cured. For that Truth which hurts at one time, will hurt for ever.

An

An upright and ſincere Mind, is a piece of Furniture in the Dealings of the World, uſeleſs enough, and nothing can better be ſpared. It is a Looking-glaſs no man cares to ſee his own Face in.

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